

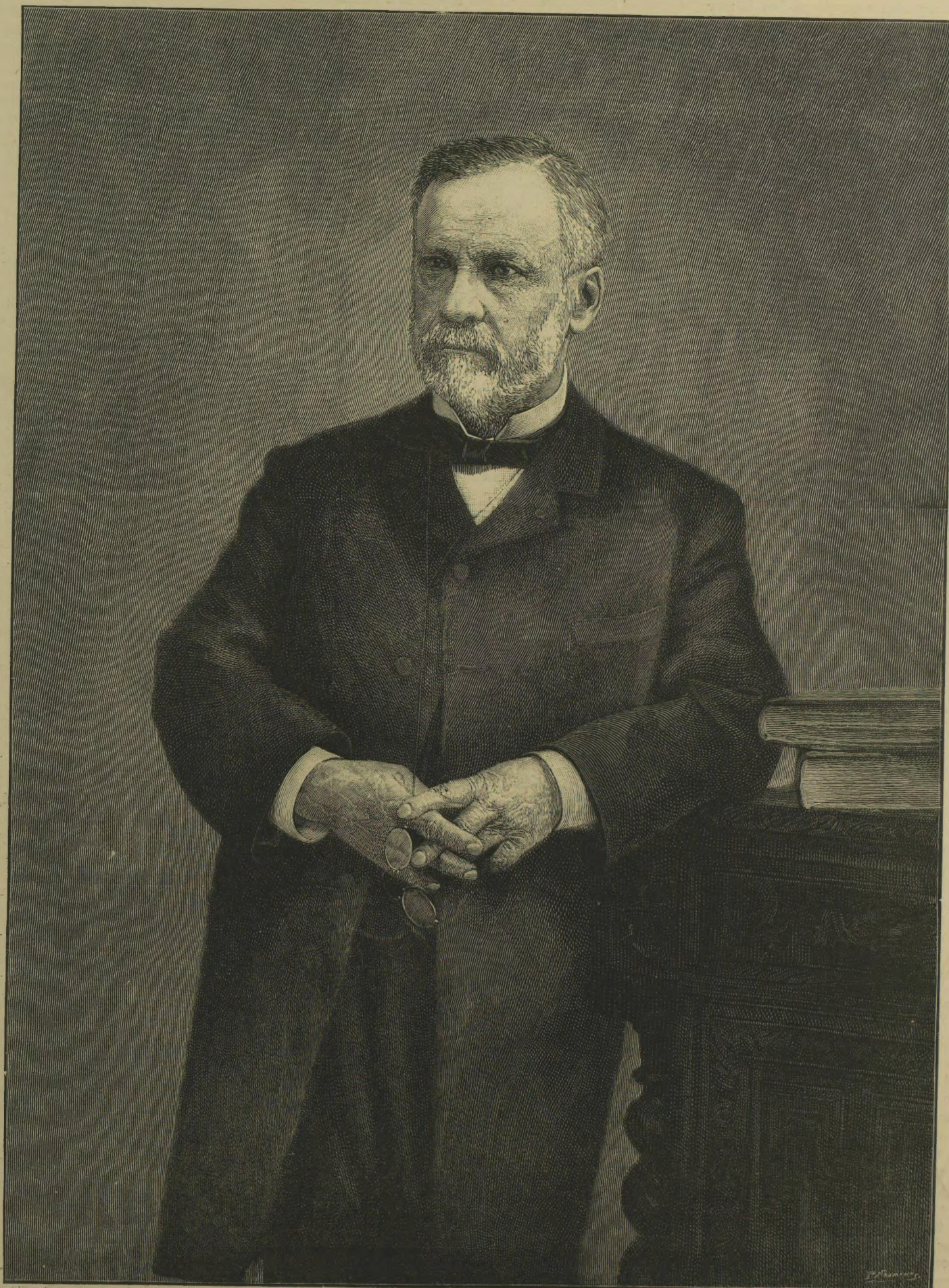
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d.



BORN DEC. 27, 1822.

DIED SEPT. 28, 1895.

THE LATE M. LOUIS PASTEUR, THE EMINENT FRENCH SCIENTIST.

From a Photograph by Walery, Regent Street.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A week or two ago I ventured to remark in these "Notes" that a butler's position in the world, if not so absolutely "goluptious" as, according to Calverley, is that of a cook in a small family, was yet very desirable. For stating the same I got roundly abused by the secretary of the Servants' Alliance (or some such society) in an indignant epistle, wherein it was shown that good butlers were plentiful, but could not get places, or if they did they were not worth getting. In Sir Robert Giffen's report on the wages of the manual labour classes, he states that while the average rate of wages is twenty-four shillings and sevenpence, or, if continuous (a large "if"), about sixty-four pounds a year, that of our butlers is at least (for they are lumped with the footmen) fifty-five pounds a year, with the addition of board and lodging. His pecuniary condition has been often, and very justly, compared advantageously with that of a curate; but in these days of scanty interest for investments how much better is it than that of thousands of tenderly nurtured gentlewomen with their two or even three thousand pounds, which, when the will was made that gave it to them, seemed a genteel competence, but is now a bare subsistence! With the addition of allowable perquisites (such as tips from guests), a butler may save in a few years a considerable nest-egg, quite enough to justify those novelists—such as Thackeray, for example—who have described them as advancing loans to their masters. The rock on which they split is that temptation of becoming the proprietor of a public house, which (when they have annexed the cook or the parlour-maid) almost always proves irresistible. It answers to the longing of the successful novelist to start a periodical of his own, which, when gratified, has the same fatal result.

A new journal called the *Anticritic*, we are told, has been started at Leipsic. But why at Leipsic and not in London? One can hardly fancy a publication that would be more popular in literary circles. The idea of carrying the war into the enemy's country is most attractive. Moreover, it is stated that authors will have the opportunity of writing "appreciations" of their own works. It will probably be necessary to limit these as to space, or some of them would fill whole numbers. Authors naturally know more about the beauties of their own productions than other people; and the subject is tempting to them. Among the interesting collection of letters addressed to the late Baron Tauchnitz there is one from Charles Reade which may fairly be called appreciative. He cannot conceive how the Continental series could have existed so long without him. "Surely," he says, "it is not complete without my works; it contains those of many writers who do not come up to my knee." He goes on to remark that "'Christie Johnson' and 'Peg Woffington' belong to that small class of one-volume stories of which England produces not more than six in a century. In the compass of one volume they contain as many characters and ideas as the good three-volume novels: their fate is as distinct from that of the mere novel as is their reproduction in England and America." It is not every novelist who has the courage of his opinions as Reade had, but their opinions of their own works are often of a similar kind. As in his case, they are sometimes right, but not always. Lady Blessington hopes that the Baron will "not think her unreasonable in expecting the same remuneration for her works that her friend Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is to receive." Lytton, in his turn, is solicitous to be assured that "the sum you offer to me is the same that Dickens has accepted." He also ventures to remark that "'The New Timon' has had an immense sale in this country: larger than any poem since Byron." It is, in fact, not quite true that writers are modest in proportion to their literary powers: bad writers are often as vain as peacocks, but good ones—as one may read in Walter Scott's *Journal*—are also not unaware of their own merits; it would be no credit to their intelligence if they were.

In an interesting article upon "Professional Secrecy" the *Spectator* very justly remarks that it is, on the whole, rigidly observed both by doctors and lawyers; what is confided to them is as closely kept as the secrets of the confessional. On the other hand, neither doctors nor lawyers, especially when they are good talkers, forbear to enliven their talk, or, still more often, to make it dramatic, with incidents out of their own experience. Like novelists who know their business, they render what is drawn from real life unrecognisable by a few unreal touches. But, nevertheless, persons who have long memories, and have given their attention to such matters, can generally "dot the 'i's' and cross the 't's'" of their anecdotes. Unless the cases are very recent, it really doesn't much matter, and, moreover, the people who identify the characters are already acquainted with the drama itself. It is the probability that their stories are taken from the pages of real life which makes the conversation of lawyers, and especially of doctors, so attractive. The ordinary narrator is careless as to whose toes he may tread upon: being under no sort of secrecy, he considers himself at liberty to speak of matters that, in fact, require a private

acquaintance with the audience. I remember a dreadful tale told by a young engineer to the occupants of a railway carriage. He was describing a late experience on an engine: "We were making up time between two stations, and going at a great rate, when we suddenly sighted an old gentleman walking quietly in front of us along the line. We screeched and whistled, but he was very deaf, and we could not attract his attention." An old lady, horrified by the situation, and hoping there was some way out of it, here exclaimed, "But you didn't hurt him?" "We were down upon him, Ma'am, like one o'clock! Hurt him indeed! Did you ever hear such a question, Sir?" addressing a young man in deep mourning, who had maintained a melancholy silence. "I have heard the story before," he replied, in explanation of his want of interest; "it was my uncle."

The day of the roller-skate appears to be done. It seemed but a little while ago that half the world would walk on wheels. No watering-place considered its attractions complete without a skating-rink. The craze lasted only a short time, but long enough to cost a good many persons their fortunes. It was not a satisfactory way of losing one's money, like Mrs. Pipchin's investment in the Peruvian gold-mines. "I lost my all in a skating-rink," was a statement that provoked a pitying smile, with the smile predominating over the pity. The roller lived on, on a broken wing, mostly on one foot—we met dreadful boys on the pavement with a pair between them—for a month or two, and then ceased to roll at all. We thought—perhaps hoped—that there was an end of it. And now, all of a sudden, it has been resuscitated. There has been a change in its mechanism, presumably for the better, and in the form of the road-skate it threatens to roll from pole to pole. It has two wheels only—the one in front of the toe and the other behind the heel. It is claimed that "hills do not impede its progress, while in descending a tremendous pace is attained." On a straight track it can do a mile in three minutes. This is interesting news, but especially to the ordinary pedestrian. With bicyclists and road-skaters progressing at twenty miles an hour, and electric road-cars with noiseless tires, his humble occupation will be hazardous.

What is the test of the success of a book? is a question that can only have two answers—circulation and longevity; but the tests of its interest are various. Scott's characteristic and genial description of it is the power "to cheat a schoolboy of his hours of play." As he hoped for this effect in the case of a poem, he exhibited a very sanguine disposition. If it makes one forget a toothache it must be an enthralling story indeed. It must be a pretty good one if it keeps some people I know out of their beds after ten o'clock p.m.; and a still better if they wake up early on a winter's morning expressly to peruse it; but this only happens in the case of very improving works and to the heroes in the biographies of Mr. Smiles. It is a test with some persons when they steal the book (to finish it) because they can't get it any other way; but only a few of us who love fiction have the least scruple about that little matter. It is a very tolerable test if in order to come to the dénouement you miss your train, unless, of course, one is bound on an unpleasant errand, and every other excuse has been exhausted. I noticed in a review the other day in which the writer damned the author with faint praise (and was no doubt repaid by him without the praise) the following account of a book: "Just the sort to have on the drawing-room table to interest a caller." This suggests to me that the highest test of the attraction of a volume would be "Just the sort to leave in a doctor's morning-room to interest the patients." If it did that, when one's mind is divided between whether one has a fatal disease or not, and whether the butler (to whom we have given a shilling) will keep his word and show us into the consulting-room out of our turn, it is a first-rate story indeed.

I am glad to see that Mr. Stead, who has been giving his attention to the subject, does not join in the denunciation of penny novels. "Full of fustian" as they often are, "he thinks it better boys should read them than nothing—which is the usual alternative. It is not the boy who is attracted by fiction of any sort who is given to villainy: it is the boy who does not read at all." It is not those with morbid imaginations who commit atrocities, but those who have no imaginations at all. As an illustration of the ignorance that is manifested by the crusaders against penny literature, I see it is quoted against the contents of a boys' paper that they include such works as "Nick of the Woods." The title, perhaps, is supposed to have some reference to the enemy of mankind, but, as a matter of fact, "Nick of the Woods" is—or was forty years ago, when I read it last—a very fascinating novel of the Fenimore Cooper type, and by no means unworthy of that admirable story-teller. It is a tale of Indian adventure, the plot of which is quite exceptionally good—a work very much to be preferred to all the neurotic rubbish that has been shot into the literary market for the last five years.

"A Canadian" writes to the papers to explain that the proposed Copyright Bill is "only opposed by English

authors," which does not seem quite correct, as "A Canadian Author" also writes to oppose it. But for what reason does the law of copyright exist unless for authors? But for them, what would there be to protect? And surely, as a general rule, people are the best judges of their own business. There was a time—and a very long time—when there was no copyright with the United States, during which Canadian publishers might have established pleasant relations with English authors, but the hand of friendship (with anything in it, at least) was never put forward. Canada has always remained, so far as their interests were concerned, a negligible quantity. The patronage she now offers is a little late, and is also full of peril to their new-found gains in America. She offers them twopence-halfpenny, but accompanied with the risk of losing two pounds ten. The old Dominion is a colony to be proud of in a thousand ways, but it is idle to deny that it has never frittered away its money in buying books from English authors.

It is not unusual in these days to find athletes who are lunatics—no one who has had the privilege of listening to the conversation of the devotees of football can doubt it, and in a less degree this may be noted in golfers and cricketers—but to find a lunatic who is an athlete is less common. An individual lately resident in an asylum at Gateshead has, however, taken "the cake" from both sane and insane. He broke out of confinement, scaled a wall of abnormal height, and jumped on the footboard of a railway train going thirty miles an hour as if it were a tramcar. Thence he climbed through the window of the guard's van in his night-shirt, and entered into conversation. It takes a good deal to astonish a railway guard; but in this case the feat was accomplished. I have only known one man who was favoured by a similar experience. He was a fellow-passenger with a person so eccentric in his behaviour that he fled from him at the peril of his life—for he was neither young nor agile—into the next carriage; there he found another old gentleman, to whom he was narrating his awful adventure, when there was a "scrabbling" (as he described it) at the door, and there was the lunatic, with nothing but a shirt on him, demanding admittance. They held the door with the courage of despair, and then he tried the window. Fortunately, they had the national weapon—an umbrella—with them, and with that they poked at him to such good purpose that they got rid of him.

The opinion of Sir Walter Besant, as expressed at the late meeting of journalists at Plymouth, respecting the introduction of fiction in newspapers is very noteworthy. Upon such a subject there is no man better fitted to speak, though it is true that the newspaper proprietor might remark upon his views: "But this gentleman is a novelist himself." That fiction has become more or less necessary to the weekly journals is certain, since it is now always found there; the question is, how soon—if at all—will it be patronised by the "dailies"? The French system of giving "snippets" of a story at the foot of the ordinary contents of a newspaper will never, I think, be attractive with us, for though very little slices of information and humour are popular among a certain class of readers, we like the dramatic interest of our serials to be kept up, which cannot be done in so small a space. There must be at least a chapter to carry on the story, or, if it be a very short story, a chapter in which to relate it; and fiction, if it be of a good kind, is a very dear description of "copy" to be paid for three hundred times a year or so. It could be managed, of course, by syndication; but the good dailies, and many of the weeklies, are averse to sharing what they publish with others. Whether Sir Walter is justified in his views of the situation or not, he is, I think, correct in his opinion that short novels will be more popular in daily serial form than long ones.

One exceedingly admires people who will not put up with injustice; yet how very few of us emulate this virtue! We suffer any amount of wrong rather than take the trouble to avenge it. A man may overcharge nineteen of us out of twenty, and we content ourselves at most with telling him what we think of him, but he had better have descended into the bear-pit at the Zoological Gardens than have cheated the twentieth. At a railway station in the Isle of Wight the other day, I am told, no less than fourteen persons lost their train because the boy in charge of the office, presumably in the absence of his chief, would not give them their tickets in time. He was having what he called "a game" with them, and not a soul, so far as I know, has complained of it; but that boy was most exceptionally fortunate in having lambs for passengers. If one of them had been the lady of Clapham whose impatience of roguery was recorded the other day, he would have had small cause to congratulate himself on his frolic. A man called on her with the object of getting two shillings out of her for putting her name down in a local directory. Upon hearing his infamous demand she instantly went for him, and chased him for half a mile into the arms of a policeman. What this admirable woman would have done to him if he had got that two shillings is too terrible to conjecture.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The only thing I do not like about Walter Frith's clever, interesting, and admirable play is its title. Robertson would, I think, have called it "Q.C." as a pendant to "M.D." "Her Advocate" scarcely expresses at once and in a forcible manner the vivid melodramatic interest that the little drama contains. "Called to the Bar" would not have been a bad title, as suggesting both men, the advocate and the "murder-haunted" doctor: it is a strong play, and it wanted a stronger title. I can only say, as I did at the outset, that this fascinating drama reminded me of one of the famous Sherlock Holmes murder stories in action. Instead of reading it in the magazine with illustrations, we see it on the stage with the distinct advantage of acting as good as is to be found anywhere at the moment. Mr. Walter Frith has the Wilkie Collins gift of at once rushing into the story and interesting his audience. No time is cut to waste. Before the curtain has been up five minutes the outline of the drama is prepared for us. We are interested in everybody—the barrister, his fascinating and despairing client, and the sallow-faced, wolfish-looking doctor, who is a coward and a blackmailer into the bargain. I have seldom seen so absorbing a first act in a modern play. But having but little space at my command, I prefer on this occasion to leave the play alone, merely placing it on record that it is a magazine story of great interest extremely well dramatised, and go at once to the acting. Mr. Charles Cartwright and Mr. C. W. Somerset divide the honours, but they never clash with one another. They are two distinct and separate types of men. Mr. Cartwright is a barrister who has taken silk at an early period of his career, and is regarded as one of the shining lights of the Bar. He is engaged to be married to a very charming girl, who is sensitive about the waning of his affection. The barrister is no ordinary man. He may be described as strongly emotional, but with a stern discipline and control over his feelings. The tears are for ever welling up to his eyes; but they are repressed and crushed down. The sentiment is always bubbling to his lips; but it is forced back by will. Such a man is interesting to women, and women are equally interesting to him. A beautiful client comes to consult him. She has been nurse to a sick man who has left her a fortune. The relatives, headed by a hungry doctor, dispute the will and accuse the nurse of murdering her patient. The barrister in a mad moment falls in love with his client, though she gives him no encouragement. He is so confident of victory that defeat never occurs to him. It comes sooner than he expected. When he is on the eve of confessing his love she tells him she is waiting for another man! But still the barrister defends her, secures her acquittal at a very realistic murder trial, and when all is over the woman goes out to her lover, and the barrister goes back to his love. Every phase of this character Mr. Cartwright exactly realises—the strong man, the weak man, the emotional man, the man of duty and action. It is a wonderful blend. His best scenes were with his young barrister friends, when he vigorously upholds the old Curren Bell doctrine, "Conventionality is not morality," "Self-righteousness is not religion," and he puts it very strongly that a man is not necessarily a blackguard because his vivid imagination runs riot. He is also excellent in the scene with the prisoner in her cell, where the rebuff takes place, and his cross-examination of the shuffling doctor is one of the finest things of the kind ever seen in a play of this pattern. It is a scene that no one should miss, for Mr. C. W. Somerset gives us his masterpiece. How such a character could be overdone, mastered with excess, and ruined! But Mr. Somerset never got out of the picture for half a second. His restraint was marvellous. The trembling mouth, the shifty eyes, the habit of talking to himself and throwing himself on the mercy of the spectators, the little testy sentences, and then the whine to authority were all brilliant points in a very remarkable performance. An actor who can do that ought to do great things. This is the kind of striking work that Henry Irving was doing when he startled London with "The Bells." Mr. Somerset only wants the play. He is the man who will make a stronger mark yet. Miss Gertrude Kingston obtained her desire, and played a serious part, and she played it with great feeling and effect. She looked charming as the nurse, and she felt the character, but I very much doubt if the public will allow her to remain long in the sick-room and the dock. They want her in the drawing-room. Mr. Oswald Yorke and Miss Lena Ashwell were of the greatest use, and the Irish barrister (Mr. J. H. Barnes) was a delightfully natural little bit of character and humour excellently played.

Letty Lind, Marie Tempest, and Hayden Coffin are back again with "An Artist's Model," fresh from their holiday, and evidently reinvigorated by the rest; and Arthur Roberts the inimitable, with Phyllis Broughton

the ever charming, has been inventing new scenes for "Gentleman Joe." So all goes well at Daly's and the Prince of Wales's, where they defy the heat but look forward to the colder and cosier days of an ordinary autumn.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## NEW COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

Colonel Gerard Smith, the Governor-elect of Western Australia, is the son of the late Mr. W. T. Smith, a prominent citizen of Hull, who was for some time a member of the House of Commons. The Colonel was formerly in the Scots Guards, and entered the House of Commons as Liberal member for High Wycombe in 1883, continuing to represent that division until 1885. Colonel Gerard Smith acted as Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen from 1883 to 1885. In the latter year he contested Holderness unsuccessfully. Having become a Unionist, he came forward for West Hull in 1892, but was defeated by Mr. C. H. Wilson. He married, in 1871, Chatelaine, second daughter of the Rev. Canon Hamilton, Vicar of St. Michael's Church, Chester Square. He is a cousin of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., M.P., Secretary of State for Home Affairs, and is fifty-six years old. He is the

men willing to sacrifice well-earned leisure for the sake of advancing the interests of the Empire. By the way, one of Sir Herbert's younger relatives acted for some time as private secretary to Mr. Gladstone.

Lord Lamington, who has been appointed to succeed General Sir Henry W. Norman as Governor of Queensland when the latter retires, is in his thirty-fifth year. He succeeded his father, the first Lord Lamington, in the peerage in 1890, having for four years previously represented North St. Pancras in the House of Commons. He has travelled far and wide, and was one of the first Englishmen to explore certain parts of Siam and the Shan States. Three years ago he travelled through Burmah, and is, indeed, competent to write a modern edition of "Eothen." Lord Lamington married a daughter of Sir William Hozier. He has been an industrious member of various Parliamentary Committees, and his capacity for using the information which he has acquired ought to stand him in good stead.

## THE LATE M. LOUIS PASTEUR.

To the greater number of English-speaking folk the personality of Louis Pasteur is only associated in connection with his famous, and, it must be admitted, oft-disputed "cure" for hydrophobia; but as long ago as 1856 he had been awarded by the Royal Society the Rumford Medal for his researches relative to the polarisation of light; and the class of scientific work to which he was most devoted was always directly or indirectly the means of conferring practical benefits on humanity. Indeed, it would be impossible to over-estimate the services he rendered to the material prosperity of France, if only by the discoveries which resulted in the resuscitation of the silk-worm industry.

Louis Pasteur was born at Dôle (Jura) seventy-three years ago. His father, who had served in the Grande Armée, was a tanner, and to the end of his life the great scientist retained the most grateful recollections of both his parents. He was brought up and educated at Arbois and then at Besançon. It was at the latter place that he first took up the subject of chemistry. When twenty-one years of age he entered the Ecole Normale, and four years later took his doctor's degree, being appointed in 1848 Professor of Physics at Strasburg University. He remained in the provinces nine years, and then returned to Paris to enter once more the Ecole Normale as head of the Scientific Department.

One of the first to realise the importance of the young Professor's remarkable gifts was Napoleon III. It is said to have been owing to his intervention that M. Pasteur owed his appointment in 1857 as Professor of Chemistry at the Sorbonne. Even at that time his scientific researches had resulted in the most valuable discoveries, notably in what concerned all forms of fermentation; and it was through his interest in this subject that he was led to apply to all forms of disease what is generally known as the germ theory. Among the first English medical men to acknowledge the value of his researches and to profit by his discoveries were Sir James Paget and Sir James Lister: the latter represented England on the occasion of the celebration at the Sorbonne of Pasteur's seventieth birthday. It is impossible to enumerate a tenth of the services the late French savant rendered to

science and the world at large. In 1865, when the silk-worm industry of France seemed on the point of ruin, Pasteur put aside the work in which he was specially interested at the time, and devoted a portion of each year for four years to ascertaining the cause of the disease and discovering a remedy. This he finally did with complete and lasting success. In 1868 he had a paralytic stroke, and all his later experiments had to be carried on more or less from an arm-chair. In 1881 he announced in a lecture at the Sorbonne what may be considered the greatest practical achievement of his life—namely, the inoculation treatment of splenic fever in cattle.

During the last few years—indeed since Nov. 14, 1888—he and his wife, who has been for forty years the savant's most faithful friend and companion, had lived at the Pasteur Institute, a house and laboratory built at a cost of £100,000. There most of his experiments in connection with the treatment for hydrophobia have been conducted, and thousands of persons belonging to all nationalities have submitted themselves to his theories. Here, also, M. Pasteur gathered round him a number of disciples, of whom the most distinguished, Dr. Roux, claims to have discovered an inoculation cure for croup. M. Pasteur leaves two children—a son, Jean Baptiste, an attaché to the French Embassy at Madrid; and a daughter, Madame René Valléry Radot, the wife of an admirable writer, best known in England for his charming *Life of his father-in-law*, entitled "L'Histoire d'un Savant par un Ignorant," a little book of which the English edition, translated by Lady Claud Hamilton, boasts of a fine preface by the late Professor Tyndall.

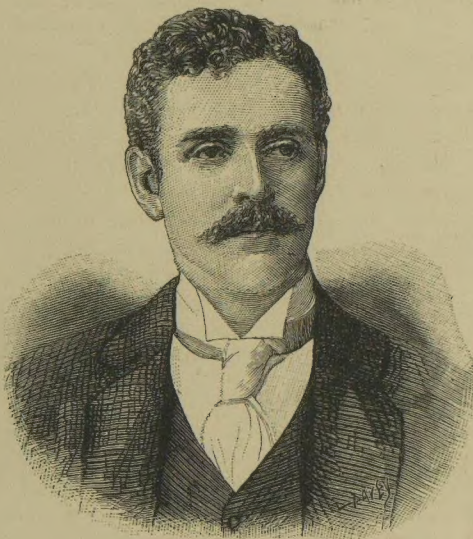
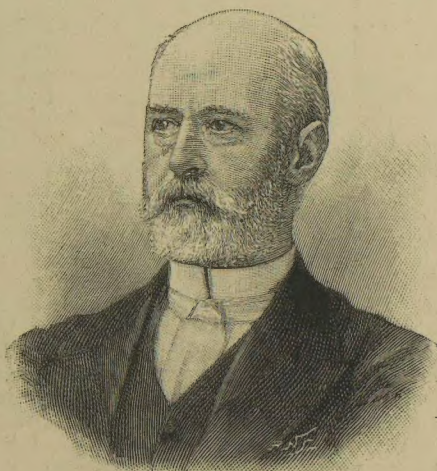


Photo Russell, Baker Street.  
LORD LAMINGTON.  
QUEENSLAND.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.  
SIR HERBERT H. MURRAY.  
NEWFOUNDLAND.



COLONEL GERARD SMITH.  
WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

## THREE NEW COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

principal partner in the firm of Messrs. Smith Brothers, the well-known Hull bank; and, besides, is chairman of the Hull and Barnsley Railway Company, for which he has long laboured; and director of the Yorkshire Fire Insurance Company, the Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust Company, and the Roburite Explosives Company. Of course the Colonel's new appointment will necessitate his retirement from these commercial enterprises. He is a handsome, alert man, of business-like capacity and with broad views as to Colonial policy.

The choice of Sir Herbert Harley Murray, K.C.B., as Governor of Newfoundland, was chiefly dictated by the fact that he has had previous connection with that colony, to which he was sent as Commissioner by the Marquis of Ripon, in order to relieve the distress by a Government gift of £25,000. Sir Herbert has had considerable experience of financial matters, and will doubtless do something for the betterment of the exchequer in Newfoundland. He is the son of the late Dr. Murray, who was Bishop of Rochester, and his grandfather was also a bishop. To add another ancestral fact, one may mention that his great-grandfather was the third Duke of Atholl. The Governor-elect is in his sixty-sixth year, and married, in 1859, the daughter of General Arbuthnot; he is now a widower. Sir Herbert acted as Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Customs from 1887 to 1890, when he became Chairman, and held this position till last year. Then, by the rule as to age limit, he retired from the Civil Service. Knighthood was conferred upon him, and it has been in some ways a surprise to his friends that Sir Herbert should accept a position which is certain to be onerous, and will probably be ungrateful. However, this country has always had



## THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NORWICH.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

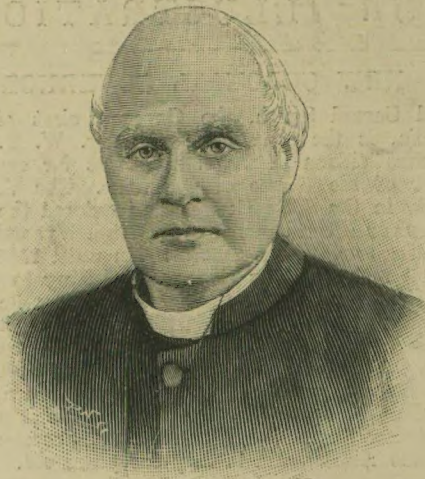
DR. WILSON,  
ARCHDEACON OF MANCHESTER.

Photo Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

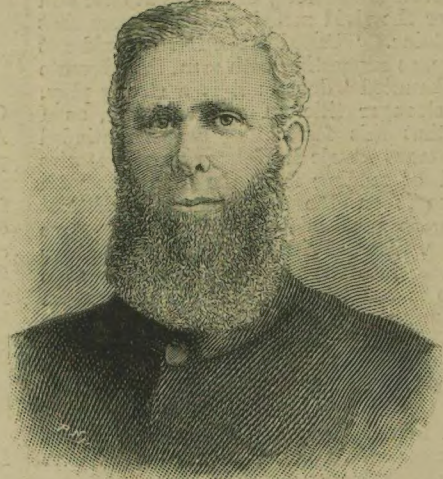
DR. EDGHILL,  
CHAPLAIN-GENERAL OF THE FORCES.

Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE REV. B. BARING-GOULD.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

DR. WICKHAM,  
DEAN OF ELY.

Photo Russell, Baker Street.

SIR CHARLES WARREN, K.C.B.

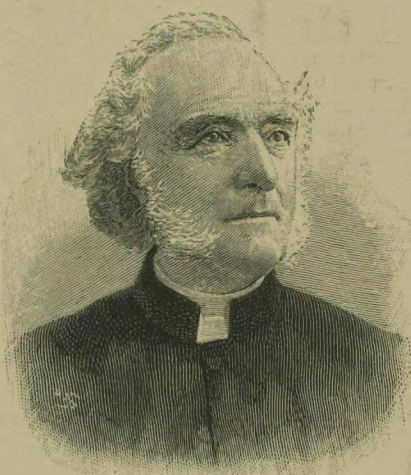
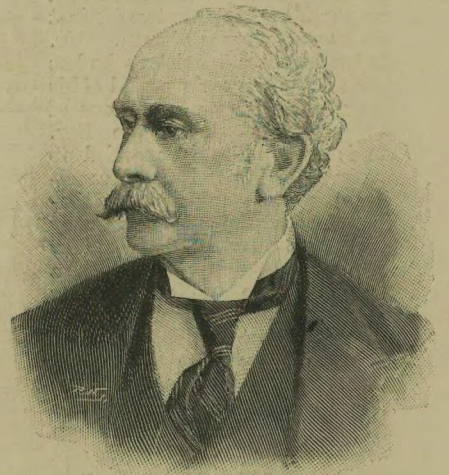
DR. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP,  
CANON OF NORWICH.

Photo Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

MR. STANLEY LEIGHTON, M.P.

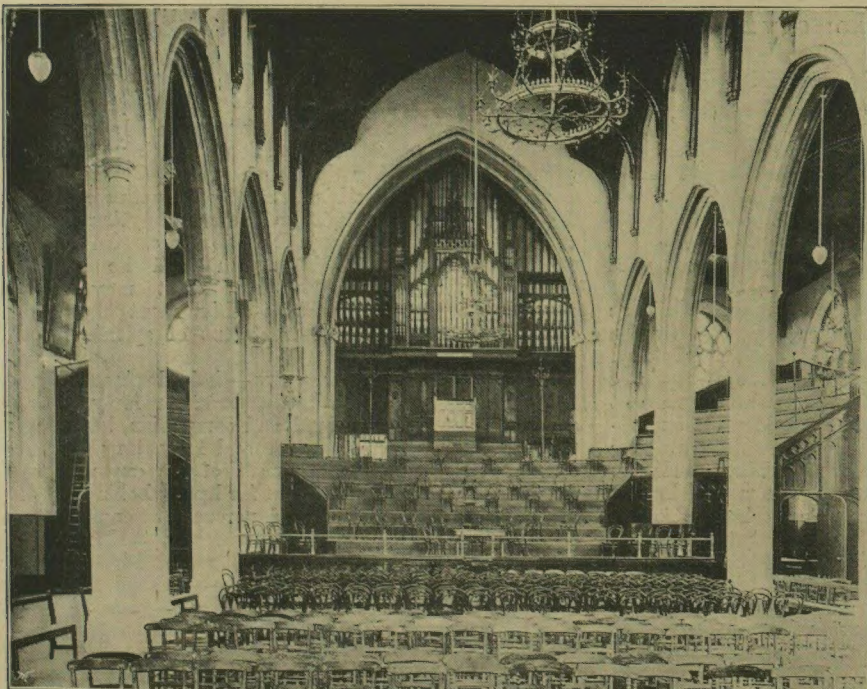
The Church Congress of 1895 opens on Tuesday next at Norwich. But it has always been the habit of some consistent Congress-goers to spend the preceding Sunday in the Congress town, and the modern custom of having special preachers at most of its churches on that day has lent new encouragement to the custom. In the case of Norwich, these early arrivals will doubtless have their reward—not by attending the independent meetings which multiply so fast before and after the Congress, but in acquainting themselves with the place of its traditions.

A generation has been born and grown up since the Congress visited Norwich before. Meeting first at Cambridge in 1861, it was at Norwich in 1865. Of those conspicuous at that meeting, many—Archbishop Thomson, Dean Alford, Dr. Pusey, and others—are dead. But Earl Nelson, Sir F. S. Powell—to take the laymen—are still keenly interested in Church affairs. The Norwich meeting of 1865 was a decided success, the increase in the number of distinguished clergy bearing witness to the growing security of the Congress's position. There is every reason to suppose that the meeting of 1895 will be no less

prosperous. It has had, of course, its critics; but every Congress has. The curious may, however, learn, if they will, that the Congress has shown a good deal of contempt for the reputation of prophets. When they have said it must fail, it has often ended in complete success. When they said it would be a Congress of singular interest, it has perversely insisted upon being shamefully dull.

The new Bishop of Norwich (Dr. Sheepshanks) will preside, and it is said that he is preparing an address of quite amazing length for the profit of hearers on Tuesday afternoon. The preachers are the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Salisbury, men of like ecclesiastical colour, so that there is virtually no choice this time. Of the subjects for discussion a large number are, no doubt, "hardy annuals"; but the conditions of Church life and work change very little, and actual novelty is hardly to be hoped for. Nevertheless, any intelligent Churchman should be able to find on the programme at least two really attractive meetings every day. For example, on Tuesday he might attend the discussion of Religious Education in Elementary Schools, and of Foreign Missions; on Wednesday the

bearing of recent discoveries on the authority and credibility of the Holy Scriptures, and "Faith and Science"; on Thursday, the National Church (Welsh dioceses), and Hindrances to Christian Unity; on Friday, the devotional meeting and the discussion on Cathedrals. Of course, he can do more if his zeal holds out. The speakers and readers are, in the main, a less distinguished body than Congress-goers are accustomed to hear; but that is not decisive as to the interest of the meetings, for eminent personages are often bad readers and incapable speakers. There is, in any case, no lack of experts upon the several subjects, while men like the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Dean of Rochester, the Dean of Norwich, Dr. Jessopp, Dr. Wace, Mr. Winnington Ingram, Lord Selborne, and Sir Charles Warren will never lack hearers. The working men's meeting should at least sustain the reputation of what is always one of the most interesting of Congress features; and, as a matter of course, there is the Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition as a side show of genuine interest whenever the stream of talk ceases to interest or inform.



ST. ANDREW'S HALL, NORWICH.

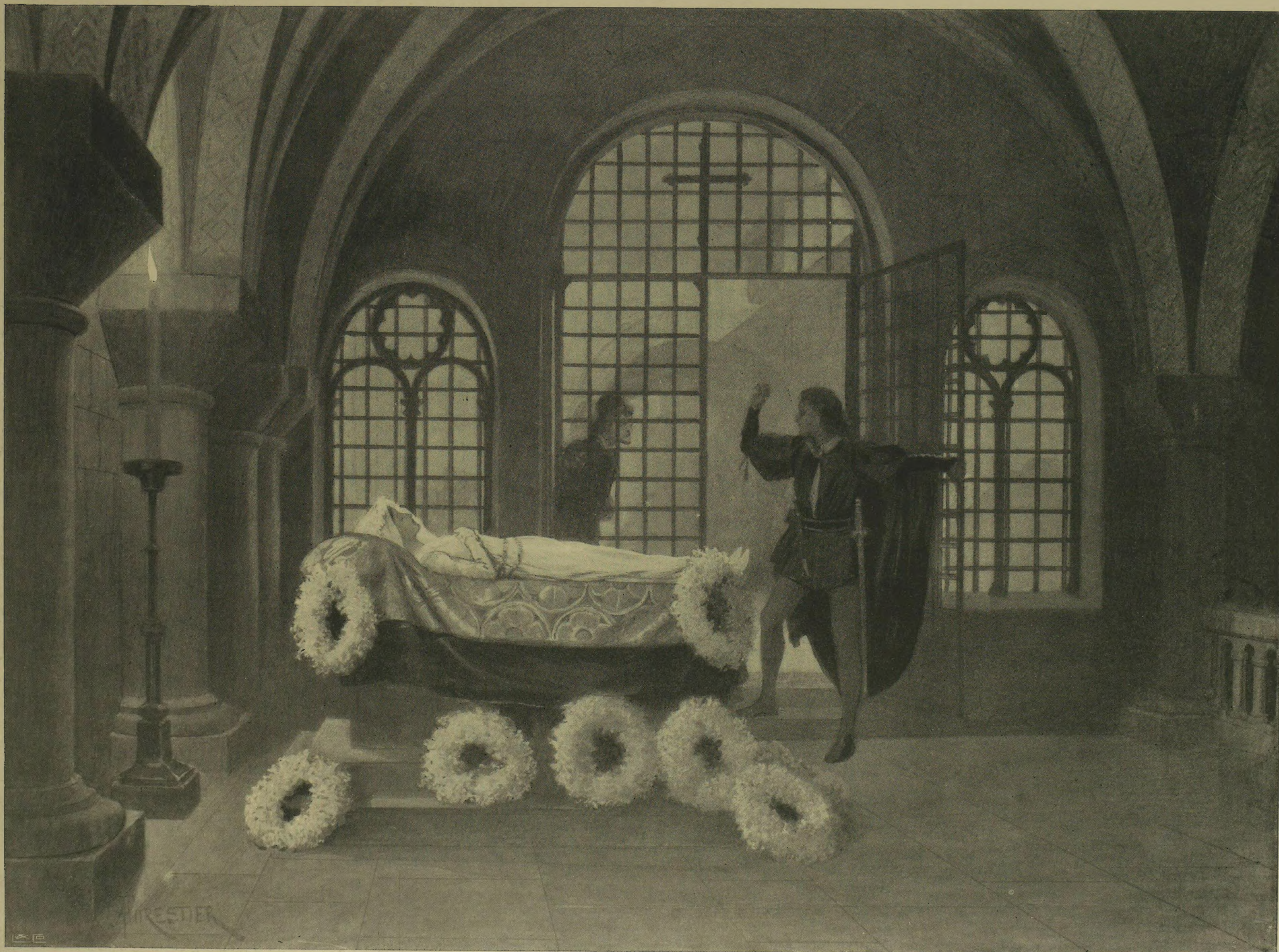
Photo Albert E. Coe, Norwich.



AGRICULTURAL HALL, NORWICH.

Photo Albert E. Coe, Norwich.





"ROMEO AND JULIET," AT THE LYCEUM.



## PERSONAL.

There are rumours that the Government meditate a change in the composition of the House of Lords. The hereditary principle is to be abolished, and the elective principle substituted, on the plan at present applied to the election of Scotch representative peers. Moreover, they are to be allowed the option of sitting in the House of Commons. It is said that these proposals are being pressed on the Ministry by some of their principal supporters in the House of Lords. It appears very unlikely, however, that such far-reaching Constitutional changes will be undertaken by a Cabinet which was formed to resist a Constitutional revolution.

Sir Benjamin Richardson has been declaiming against alcohol at the National Temperance Conference. He says water is the natural beverage of man, and uses the singular argument that if flowers were watered with alcohol they would die. It seems also that because the clouds drop rain and not whisky this is a rebuke to moderate drinkers. They might retort that as the clouds do not drop ginger-ale this is a rebuke to people who prefer that liquid to water.

Dean Hole is much incensed against the factory owners who disfigure the city of Rochester with smoke. He says they ought to be put on the treadmill till they learn better. Why the treadmill should make the manufacturer perceive the wickedness of belching chimneys is not quite clear. Dean Hole might do some service by agitating for the use of smokeless fuel, which has already been tried in the North of England with satisfactory results.

Dr. Mary Walker, an eccentric lady who excited much curiosity a generation ago by her persistence in wearing masculine garb, has taken a new lease of notoriety. She

frizzling. Here was the true genius of pantomime, nearly lost to the harlequinade now, though revived in pieces like "L'Enfant Prodigue." Payne inherited the tradition from his father, who was a pupil of the great Grimaldi. The elder Payne invented much of the harlequinade which used to be performed in dumb show. Latterly this entertainment has been much circumscribed, owing to the complete change in the character of pantomime. Harry Payne kept up the old tradition bravely, and his death will be sincerely mourned by thousands of children and of "grown-ups" too.

Mr. Thomas Alexander Fyfe, who has been appointed one of the salaried Sheriff-Substitutes of the Sheriffdom of Lanarkshire, is a prominent legal practitioner in Glasgow. As secretary of the Glasgow Conservative Association he did sterling work in organising his party and attending to registration. In his court practice he has been chiefly concerned in shipping cases. He is agent for the Scottish Shipmasters' Association, and has frequently appeared for shipmasters in important Board of Trade inquiries. Mr. Fyfe, who was born in Dundee in 1852, is a member of Wilson, Caldwell, and Fyfe. The appointment of Sheriff-Substitutes formerly lay entirely with the Sheriff of the county; but about eighteen years ago the patronage was transferred to the Crown. It has been somewhat unusual to confer the office of Sheriff-Substitute on local lawyers, but in Mr. Fyfe's case the new departure will be heartily welcomed in Lanarkshire.

Kirkstall Grange, the seat of Mr. Ernest Beckett, M.P., where the Prince of Wales stayed during the Leeds Festival, lies a little way outside the busy city. The Yorkshire folks showed their delight at seeing the Prince by cheering him enthusiastically as he drove to Kirkstall

## THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

## INTERVIEW WITH ITS HONORARY SECRETARY.

For months before the festival, Alderman Fred R. Spark, J.P., the honorary secretary, is to be found seated day

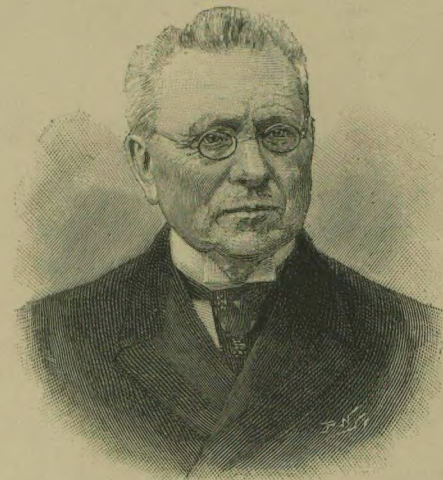


Photo A. C. Hoskins, Leeds.  
ALDERMAN FRED R. SPARK, J.P.

by day in a modest office situated at the rear of the Leeds Town Hall. The preliminary labour is enormous, but the Alderman is ever serene in the midst of it all. Profound experience, extending nearly forty years back, has brought a ripe wisdom in all matters of festival detail, and there he sits

with unclouded brow amid a multiplicity of correspondence, which descends upon him in a continuous shower all through the summer and the autumn.

From all quarters of the kingdom comes the clamour for seats. Four months before the festival five thousand pounds' worth are already sold and the cash in the hands of the treasurer. If the great room of the Leeds Town Hall were twice as big it would still be too small for the requirements of several of the festival concerts.

Alderman Spark's recollections of festivals held within these walls go back to 1858, when the masonry of the Palladian pile which is the one architectural glory of Leeds was white and fresh from the builder's chisel, and Majesty looked on with approving eye what time the young festival chorus were preparing to astonish all who listened to it with a volume of sound richer and fresher than any that had yet been heard in the country.

"Yes; the Town Hall was opened by the Queen in 1858, and the ceremony was followed by a festival which lasted four days. I was then assistant secretary. That was my first connection with the Leeds Musical Festival."

Alderman Spark was speaking (in the course of an interview with a representative of *The Illustrated London News*) with the aid of a richly stored memory; but had there been any need to refresh it the means were at hand in the shape of a copy of the "History of the Leeds Musical Festivals," by Fred R. Spark and Joseph Bennett.

"The Queen opened the Town Hall on a Tuesday," continued Mr. Spark, "and the festival days were Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, just as at present. The rehearsals continued at subsequent festivals to be on Mondays and Tuesdays, but in 1892 we improved on that arrangement. We brought down the whole of the band on the Friday night, so that there was a rehearsal on Saturday, an interval of rest on Sunday, another full rehearsal on Monday, and again an interval of rest for the chorus on Tuesday. In 1889 it was found that there was a manifest diminution of the power and deterioration of the tone owing to the strain involved on the voices of the chorus in the great works of Beethoven, Bach, etc."

"Some particulars of the system of selection would be interesting," I remarked.

"Our new departure of 1892," replied the honorary secretary, "has proved an undoubted success, and we have now the best available voices in the West Riding. Leeds supplies one hundred and twenty voices, and we get fifty-six voices each from Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, and Dewsbury and Batley. Previous to 1892 every single voice was tested by the chorus-master, aided by a few of the committee. The execution of scales enabled us to test the range and quality of a voice, and reading powers were tested by presenting the singer with new pieces of varying difficulty. As many as seven hundred singers have applied for three hundred and twenty places in the chorus. The system adopted in 1892, and continued this year, has been to require the committees and conductors of the various choral societies to select the voices. They were practically told, 'We depend on you to send us fifty-six of the very best singers in your society.'"

"And thus you bring together," I interposed, "what one eminent musician is fond of describing as 'the finest chorus in the world?'"

"Between the system of 1858 and that of to-day," he said, "there is a vast difference. It was practically the star system. The soloists cost far more in 1858 than they do at the present day. For instance, the sum of six hundred pounds was paid for what was called an 'Italian party' of four, who sang at two concerts only. On the other hand, the cost of the chorus has gone up immensely. In 1858 the chorus cost just over a thousand pounds, whereas in 1892 the cost was £2232, and this year the outlay will be greater still, for we have separate chorus-masters for the different contingents, separate pianists and separate rehearsal rooms, besides the cost of bringing them all over to Leeds eight or ten times to be rehearsed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The programme of to-day, too, differs vastly from those of the earlier festivals. I remember on the Friday evening of 1858 the programme, in addition to Beethoven's C minor symphony, contained twenty-three pieces, including three overtures, and every singer was expected to show off his or her abilities to the utmost. The concerts went on till half-past eleven or a quarter to twelve."

"The band? Yes, it is composed of the finest procurable players, selected from the best metropolitan orchestras, supplemented by a few local instrumentalists. While the tendency has been to increase the cost of the orchestra and the chorus, the outlay upon soloists is smaller. In 1858, for instance, we paid £1856 to principals, whereas at the last festival the total was under £1400." J. D.



Photo A. C. Hoskins, Leeds.  
KIRSTALL GRANGE, LEEDS, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. E. BECKETT, M.P., VISITED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

proposes to found a settlement at Oswego, in the State of New York, for the exclusive education of "new" women. From fifteen to thirty-five they are to pledge themselves against all association with the opposite sex. In the meantime they are to wear trousers and practise "manly sports." The addition of strait-waistcoats to their wardrobe might be necessary if there was any chance of the scheme being carried out.

Harry Payne, the last of the great clowns, was not a very old man at his death, but for some years he had



Photo London Stereoscopic Co.  
THE LATE HARRY PAYNE.

his capacious pocket: without a word he indicated the joy of the coming feast. You could almost hear the sausages

Grange on Tuesday evening, Oct. 1. His host is one of the most popular members of Parliament on the Conservative side. He is thirty-nine, and represents the Whitby Division of Yorkshire.

The appointment, officially notified on Sept. 27, of Mr. George E. B. Saintsbury as Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, will be generally approved. The new Professor was born at Southampton on Oct. 23, 1845. He was educated at King's College School, London, and at Merton College, Oxford, graduating in 1868. He held thereafter various tutorial appointments at Manchester Grammar School, Elizabeth College, Guernsey (where he was senior classical master), and elsewhere. Few men living have as wide an acquaintance with the byways as well as the highways of French literature: no man living writes more gracefully about them than Mr. Saintsbury. He has been a most industrious critic, and many are the authors who have to thank him for the insight and appreciation displayed by him in the columns, till recently, of the *Saturday Review*. Among volumes from his pen one remembers gratefully his able study of Dryden, his collection of "French Lyrics," and the discriminating "Specimens of English Prose Style," and "Specimens of French Literature."

A new violinist, Mr. Gordon Tanner, had the honour of beginning the new concert season on Oct. 1 by making his debut in Princes' Hall. He has decided talent, as was quickly proved by his solo "Faust," a piece which is a favourite with its composer, Señor Sarasate. Probably time will correct Mr. Tanner's execution, which is at present characterised by assurance rather than experience. If he study conscientiously there is little doubt that he will attain high rank among violinists. In the concerted pieces he had the co-operation of M. Sigismund de Seyfried and of Herr Adolph Schmid, who played the 'cello excellently. M. Sigismund de Seyfried, who is a compatriot of M. Paderewski, gave a selection from Chopin with distinction.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, has been accompanied by Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein until the return from Germany of Princess Beatrice and her husband. Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia with Prince Waldemar arrived there on Saturday, Sept. 28; Lord Balfour of Burleigh has been Minister in attendance. The Empress Eugénie dined with her Majesty on Saturday.

The Prince of Wales has returned to England, arriving from Copenhagen by way of Hamburg and Dover on Saturday evening. On Tuesday his Royal Highness went to Kirkstall Grange, near Leeds, where he is the guest of Mr. Ernest Beckett, M.P.; visiting the town and attending the Musical Festival. The Duke and Duchess of York on Monday went to Dunrobin Castle on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

The Duke of Cambridge on Saturday reviewed the troops of the Edinburgh garrison and the Volunteers in the Queen's Park; he went afterwards to visit Lord Rosslyn at Dysart. His Royal Highness, at a luncheon given by the Lord Provost in honour of his presence at Edinburgh, spoke of his approaching retirement from the office of Commander-in-Chief, and of the condition of the Army and Navy.

The Lord Mayor-elect for the next year, Sir Walter Wilkin, was chosen on Saturday, Sept. 28, by the Livery and

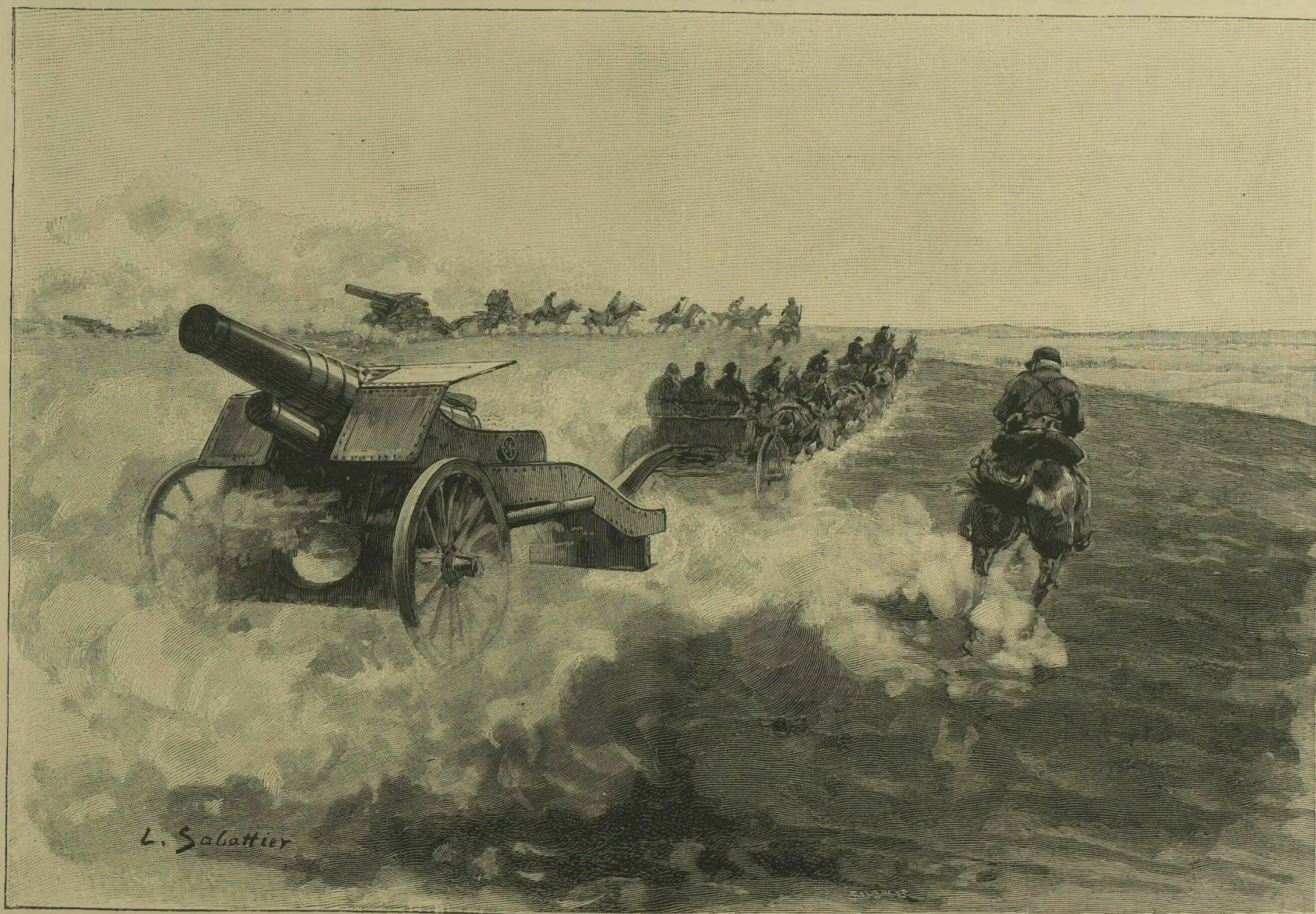
instructive with regard to medical experience of the practicability of dispensing with alcohol in hospitals.

The demand of satisfaction for the massacre of the English missionaries, ladies, and children in China has been enforced upon the Imperial Government at Peking by the sending of a British naval squadron up the river Yang-Tse-Kiang to Woo-Sung. In the meantime, the Government at Peking has ordered the degradation of Liu-Ping-Chang, the Viceroy of the province of Sze-Chuen, for having, at least, upon other occasions, failed to protect European residents, or to punish their assailants. On Saturday, Sept. 28, the cruisers *Edgar*, *Caroline*, *Undaunted*, and *Archer*, with the dispatch-vessel *Alacrity*, arrived at Woo-Sung, under command of Vice-Admiral Buller, while the *Rainbow*, *Spartan*, and *Æolus*, cruisers, and the gun-boats *Plover* and *Swift*, have reached other ports on the Yang-Tse-Kiang. It must be observed that the region of these naval demonstrations is very remote from the far inland western province of Sze-Chuen, as well as from the scene of the recent massacres, which took place near Ku-Cheng, in the province of Fu-Kien, and near the treaty port of Foo-Chow, to the south-west. The attack on the Christian missions, French and American as well as English, in Sze-Chuen, is a different affair, of older date. The distance, also, of either of those places from the metropolis of the empire is about a thousand miles. There are various complaints, made not only by the British Ambassador at Peking, but as well by the representatives of the German, American, and French

accessible to British naval force remain perfectly safe for European residents in China.

In some parts of the Turkish Empire, but especially in Asia Minor and in Armenia, the real state of affairs is quite as bad, though the Sultan's Government will not confess its impotence to protect even its own Christian subject races, or allow the direct interposition of foreign Powers to establish agencies for their protection. The arrival of part of the British Mediterranean squadron, on Sept. 28, at Lemnos or Mitylene, off the entrance to the Dardanelles, has been regarded as significant of a more urgent course of diplomatic action, jointly with Russia and France, in the discussions at Constantinople upon the Armenian question. In the meantime, rumours of growing agitation, of political conspiracies, and of intended open demonstrations among the numerous and influential Armenian communities in different towns of Asiatic Turkey, begin to excite much anxiety. The Patriarch of the Armenian Church at Constantinople has declared himself unable to restrain this movement. There was an Armenian riot in that city on Monday, and several were killed fighting with the police.

The President of the French Republic, M. Faure, at Fontainebleau, on Sunday, attended the ceremony of unveiling a monument in honour of his murdered predecessor, the late President Carnot. General Duchesne, commanding the Madagascar expedition, has telegraphed that he crossed the Ankaraka mountains on Sept. 23, and



FRENCH MILITARY MANŒUVRES: NEW GUNS GETTING INTO POSITION AT VALFROICOURT.

Allermen of the City of London, the other candidate being Alderman George Faudel Phillips. He received congratulations from the present Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Renals, to whom thanks were voted in Common Hall, as well as to the two retiring Sheriffs, whose successors, Alderman Pound and Mr. Cooper, were admitted to office.

A van from the St. Pancras Station of the Midland Railway Company, laden with five cases of silver in ingots, which had arrived from Swansea, sent by Messrs. Vivian and Co., from the smelting works, to be delivered to Messrs. Sharp and Wilkins, Great Winchester Street, City, was captured by thieves on Wednesday, Sept. 25. It had been carelessly left, unwatched, standing in Ossulton Street, St. Pancras, near the station, outside a coffee-shop, where the van-driver and his boy were taking breakfast together. The value of the silver, of which there were thirty-one ingots, each measuring about twelve inches long and four or five inches thick and wide, is estimated at £4800. A man named Henry Bailey, living near Chalk Farm Road, was arrested on Friday by the police, and four of the ingots were found in his bed-room; another was found next day, wrapped in a sack, in the grounds of a Board-school at Camden Town. The robbers had shifted the cases from the railway-van to another vehicle hired for the purpose.

The National Temperance League opened its Congress at Chelsea on Monday, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., presiding, and the Bishop of London taking part in its proceedings. An opinion was expressed that the failure of the Local Veto Bill introduced into Parliament by the late Government would not be ultimately disadvantageous to the temperance cause. Sir B. Richardson's address was

Governments, against Chinese provincial and local administrators in different provinces. At Ku-Cheng, it appears, the official inquiry concerning the massacre of the Rev. Mr. Stewart's household and guests has been rendered abortive by the vexatious conduct of the Chinese local authorities. Seven of the actual murderers had been convicted and beheaded when forty more were released without further examination, and evidence relating to the secret instigators of the crime has been suppressed or withheld; Mr. Mansfield, the British Consul of Foo-Chow, has been insulted and threatened; Colonel Hixton, the United States Consul, has been thwarted in his efforts to carry on the prosecution; the company of Chinese soldiers appointed for their escort has mutinied, and it was expected that the two Consuls, their lives being hardly safe at Ku-Cheng, would be obliged to return to Foo-Chow. We do not yet know in what degree the responsibility for grave instances of maladministration elsewhere is justly due to the Viceroy Liu-Ping-Chang, or whether the Imperial Government has chosen, from political motives, to make him a scapegoat with a view to screening other persons in office. It is believed, however, that there is a widespread intrigue, all over the middle, western, and southern provinces of China, favoured by many local officials, to drive out all European settlers dwelling in the interior. The Government at Peking is too feeble, as it seems, to overcome the prevailing anarchy. Local insurrections or formidable riots may be expected. Such decrees as that which has just been issued, for the dismissal of a single functionary of the highest rank, may be esteemed a triumph of foreign diplomacy; but it is doubtful whether they will effectually check the mischief. The treaty ports on the sea-coast and on the great rivers

would advance on Sept. 28 to Babay, only thirty kilometres from Antananarivo, the Hova capital.

The conclusion of the French army manœuvres, under the direction of General Saussier, in the country, to the south-east of Langres, towards the Vosges mountains, was recorded last week. One feature of this great assembly of military force, which numbered 130,000 troops, was the introduction of a new pattern of field artillery: guns of large calibre throwing shells filled with melinite, capable of destroying the most solid breast-works. These guns, of which we give an illustration, as they appeared when driven to take up their position on the field of Valfroicourt, are mounted upon a peculiar carriage, with a small gun beneath the principal one, to be discharged by nitro-glycerine apparatus at the same instant; but so arranged as to lessen the recoil instead of adding to the disturbance of the carriage.

The Hungarian Diet has passed the Bills establishing freedom of religious worship, and recognising the legality of the Jewish religion. The law for the institution of civil marriage has also come into force. The financial Budget of Hungary shows a surplus of £2,000,000 sterling, and it seems to be in a flourishing condition. The Emperor-King Francis-Joseph is engaged in directing grand reviews and manœuvres of the Hungarian army.

A convention of the Irish National Alliance in the United States of America was opened at Chicago on Sept. 24, with Mr. John Finerty as chairman, and continued its sittings for several days. It was resolved to organise Irish military companies, to be armed and trained for striking a blow at England upon the earliest opportunity, and gaining for Ireland complete political independence.





"POLITICS."—BY STEPHEN LEWIN

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# The DAY of Their WEDDING

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.  
WHEN the train slowed before drawing into the station at Fitchburg, Sister Althea took up her bag from the floor, and began to collect her paper parcels into her lap, as if she were going to leave the car. Then she sat gripping the bag to her side and staring out into the night, blotched everywhere with the city lights and the railway signals—red and green and orange. From time to time she looked round over her shoulder into the car, up and down the aisle, and again set her face towards the window, and held it so rigidly, to keep herself from turning any more, that it hurt her neck.

The car was a day-coach on a night-train, and most of the few passengers were making preparations for leaving it. An old gentleman in the seat across the aisle, whom she had asked more than once whether the train was sure to stop at Fitchburg, was already buttoned up in a light overcoat which he had the effect of wearing in compliance with charges against exposing himself to the night air. He sat humming to himself while he held fast an umbrella and a bundle such as one married sister might send to another by their father; it was in several sections of wrapping-paper, and was tied with tape. He leaned over towards Sister Althea, and asked benevolently—

"Was you expecting to meet friends in Fitchburg?"

Sister Althea started and looked round. He repeated the question, and she gasped out—

"Nay; I am not expecting friends to meet me." She had framed her reply with a certain mechanical exactness which he seemed to feel.

"Oh! ah! From the Family at Vardley, I presume?"

Sister Althea faltered a moment before she answered, "Yee."

She let her head droop forward a little, and with her Shaker bonnet slanting downward over her deeply hidden face she looked like a toucan, except for the gaiety of colour with which nature mocks that strange bird's grotesqueness. She was in Shaker drabs as to her prim gown, and her shawl crossed fichu-wise upon her breast; her huge bonnet was covered with a dove-coloured satin. To the eye that could not catch a glimpse of her face, or rightly measure her figure as she sat dejected for the moment following her speech, she must have looked little and old.

The friendly person in the seat opposite began humming to himself again. He stood up before the train halted, and he said to Sister Althea, as he turned to leave the car, "Well, I wish you good evening."

"Good evening," said Sister Althea faintly; and now, when the train stopped at last, and the noises of the station began to make themselves heard outside, with the bray of a supper-gong above all, she jumped to her feet and started into the aisle as if she were going to leave the car too. She even made some steps towards the door; then she came back, and, after a moment's hesitation, she sat down again and remained as motionless as before.

People came and took places and arranged their wraps

began to move. He laughed and kissed her, and after he had got almost to the door he came back and kissed her again. Sister Althea trembled at each kiss. When the man lifted the little one and kissed it and put it down again on the seat beside its mother the tears came into her eyes.

"Well, give my love to all the folks!" he called back from the door.

"Yes, yes!" said the woman. "Do get off, quick!"

He laughed again, and, in looking back from the door, he struck against a young man who was coming in. "Oh, excuse me!" he said, and went out, while the young man came forward. He looked from side to side keenly, and then, with a smile that flashed through Sister Althea's tears, he came swiftly down the aisle to where she sat, near the end of the car.

"Well, well!" he cried, and he stood a moment with his hands upon the seat-backs, looking down at her where she sat, helpless to move her bag and parcels from her side. "A'n't you going to let me sit with you, Althea? A'n't you going to look round and let me see if it's really you? First I didn't know but it was Eldress Susan."

"Sh!" said Sister Althea, and she turned up towards him the deep tunnel of her bonnet, with her young face at the bottom of it, and clutched her parcels into her lap.

He swung her bag to the floor, and let himself sink easily into the seat, and stretched his arm along the top behind her.

"Oh, I guess she won't hear us," said the young man.

"Did you know me when I came into the car? I don't believe you did!" He laughed, and his eyes shone. They were gay blue eyes, and his hair, now that he took his soft hat off, had glints of gold in the dun tone that the close shingling of the barber gave it. His face was clean shaven and boyishly handsome. He was dressed in a new suit of diagonals which betrayed the clothing store; but his figure was not vulgar, though his hands, thrusting out of the coat-sleeves without the shirt-cuffs that might have partly hidden them, were large and red, and rough with work.

"I saw you through the window as I came along the platform outside, and I wanted to stop and watch you. But you had your head down, as if you wa'n't feeling any too bright, and I hurried right in. I thought you would be frightened if I didn't come in as soon as the cars stopped. But I was waiting here so long expecting the train that I forgot to get my bag checked till the last minute, and I had to run and do it after you got in. That's what kept me. Did you think I wa'n't going to be here after all?" He let his arm drop from the seat-top, and he sought with his little hand lying weak on the seat between them. It closed upon his fingers at their touch, and then tried to free itself, and then trembled and remained quiet. "Oh, I guess I did frighten you," he murmured fondly.

"Hush! Yee," said Althea. "But I knew you would be sure to be here. I wasn't afraid, but I was—scared a little. I was anxious. When you came in I could see it

and put their parcels into the racks and settled themselves, for their journey. Among the rest a woman came in followed by a man with a child. When he had put the child in the seat beside her he stood talking with her till she drove him away. She said she did not want him to get off after the cars

was you, but you looked so strange." She cast a glance up and down the car.

"Don't you like it?" he asked, with a smile of innocent pride and a downward look at his clothes.

"Yee, yee," she said. "But, Lorenzo, do you think—do you think you had ought to—sit in the same seat with me—so close? Won't folks—"

Lorenzo laughed securely. "Think I ought to set across the aisle, same as in meeting? I guess folks won't mind us much." In fact, in the going and coming and settling in place no one seemed to notice them. "If they do, they'll think I'm just your brother or some relation. It's this old bonnet, if anything, that will make them look. I thought Friend Ella Shewall was going to lend you a hat."

"Yee, she was. But I didn't get to her house till it was almost time for the cars, and then we had to just race to the dépot. I've got the hat here in this paper, and that's a sack in this bundle. I hadn't time to put it on, either. I was almost ready to drop when I reached Friend Ella's." He peered into the depths of the bonnet she turned towards him, and she added: "I ran nearly the whole way from Harshire to the Junction."

"Ran?"

"Yee. I couldn't get out of the house without some of the Family seeing me before dusk; and if they had I should have died. I was so ashamed, Lorenzo, and I felt so mean I can't tell you! I kept close to the walls and in the woods all I could, and I had this bag—"

Lorenzo stooped forward and lifted the bag from the floor. "You carried that all the way from Harshire to the Junction?"

"Yee."

"Well!"

"I didn't feel it. It wasn't the bag that was so heavy. Oh, Lorenzo! do you think we're doing right?"

"I know we are! Why, Althea, it's what everybody does in the world-outside."

"In the world-outside, yee."

"Well, we're in the world-outside, ain't we?"

"Yee, I presume we are. We are going to be of the earthly order, Lorenzo; we are going to give up the angelic life! Have you thought enough of it, Lorenzo? Do you think you have? Because if you haven't—"

"Why, haven't we both thought of it till we couldn't think any more? What did Friend Ella Shewall say? Didn't she say that we ought to take our feelin' for each other as a sign from spirit-land that we were meant for each other for all eternity?"

"Yee; but she isn't living with her own husband; she's trying to get a divorce from him, and she used to be so fond of him."

"Well, then, the signs failed in her case—"

"Oh, don't laugh at it, Lorenzo! If they failed in ours what should we have? Am I worth all you're risking for me in this world and the next? Think of it, Lorenzo! I can get out at the next stopping-place and go back to the Family; I know they'll let me; and you—Think of it! Am I worth it?" She spoke in a low, intense whisper.

"Am I?" retorted the young man lightly.

"Oh, yee! you are! I'd go through it all for you."

"Then I guess that settles it."

"Nay, nay; it doesn't! I'm wicked, and that's why I feel so. You don't how bad I am. I deceived! It was all right for you, for you left the Family open and above-board, and you told the trustees you were going, and you made them give back your property and everything; but I stole away like a thief in the night; and I made Friend Ella take part in my deceit; and, Lorenzo, I don't believe there's going to be any end to it. I've told two lies already, here in this very car—just before it stopped.



There was a man asked me whether I expected to meet friends at Fitchburg, and I said nay; and he asked me if I wasn't from the Family at Vardley, and I said yee, I was, and——"

"He no business to asked you anything," said Lorenzo hotly, "and I d' know as you can call it lyin', anyway. I a'n't friends in the sense he meant, and Vardley and Harshire, it's almost the same thing, and it don't matter which Family you come from, so you're out of it."

"Do you think so, Lorenzo?"

"Yee, I do. And now look here, Althea; you're nervous, and you can't see things in the true light, and so everything looks wrong to you. We're doing what we have a perfect right to do, and what everybody in the world-outside does, as I said before. If you had to steal away, as you call it, from the Family, whose fault was it? 'Twa'n't yours. You did it, if anything, to save their feelin's, didn't you?"

"Yee, I presume so."

"Don't you know you did? Now I want you to try and look at it in the light of the world-outside; for that's all the light we've got now, or that we're going to have."

A little troubled sigh exhaled from the depths of the bonnet, and Lorenzo threw himself back in despair. "Oh, well! if that's the way you're goin' to feel about it."

"Nay, nay, Lorenzo! I'm not going to. I shall be all right in a minute. I'm just nervous, that's all. I think just as you do about it. Wasn't I perfectly willing and glad to do it?"

"I guess you wa'n't half so willing nor half so glad as I was," said the young man, and now he dropped towards her again. "And, as you say, I had the easiest part of it, too, as far forth as getting away from the Family went. But, Althea," he added, with a touch of pride, "I haven't had a very easy time since I've been in the world-outside. 'Ta'n't but a few days, but it seems as if it was years, worrying about you all the while, and trying to sell my lot in Fitchburg, and look up something for me to do when we get back."

"Yee, we have got to think of that now, I suppose," said Althea. "In the Family it came without our thinking."

"Yee, too many things came there without our thinking," said Lorenzo resentfully. "Not that I want to talk against the Family. I presume I feel just as you do about that. Our own fathers and mothers couldn't have been better to us. But if we was to have each other we had to leave 'em. There wa'n't any two ways about it. And I guess I do like to think for myself, even of my bread-and-butter. And I guess I've arranged for all that. I'm going into the drug business with Friend Nason."

"That used to come and buy our herbs at Harshire?" Lorenzo nodded. "It's just the place for me. He's goin' to put a new remedy on the market for lung

difficulty—pulmine, he calls it—and he wants me, because I know about herbs; it's going to be purely vegetable. He's bought my lot, too, and he's advanced me a hundred dollars on it." The young fellow leaned a little nearer and tapped his breastpocket. "I've got it with me! And I've seen the nicest little set of rooms for us to go to housekeeping in when we get back. Friend Nason calls it a flat; and I guess when you see that kitchen, Althea! Friend Nason says it's just as well we're going to Saratoga, for we sha'n't have to get a license in York State, and if it had to be in Fitchburg, and we was to settle down there, right from the Family, it might make talk. But if we come back just like anybody else from

with eyes so still and solemn in their fixity that at last he laughed out.

"What are you laughing at?" she half grieved.

"Oh, nothing. Your eyes down there in that old bonnet made me think of a rabbit that I got into a hole once, and it kept looking up at me. What is there to scare anybody, anyway, Althea?"

"Nothing. I'm not scared now."

"Well, I believe it's that bonnet, after all. Why don't you take the old thing off?"

"I don't know. They would look."

She glanced round the car at their fellow-passengers, and Lorenzo did so too. "Well, let them look!" he said,

with a petulant impulse; and then, as if he had given way too far, he added, "They've all got their backs turned, anyway."

"So they have!" said Althea. "I took this seat at the end of the car on purpose, so they wouldn't notice me so much. I forgot about that."

Still she did not offer to remove her bonnet, and he repeated, "Why don't you take the old thing off?"

"Do you truly want me to?"

"Yee; I want to see how you'll look."

"Why, you know already how I look with my cap on."

"Got that on too?"

"Yee."

"Oh! what's the use of yeeing and naying it all the time, Althea? We've got to say yes and no after this."

"You said yee yourself half a minute ago."

"Did I?" asked Lorenzo; and after a moment's thought, he said, "Well, so I did," and he laughed at himself. "But it's all that old bonnet makes me do it. I say yes to other folks straight enough. Do take it off!"

"Well, I will if you want I should so very much," said Althea, and she kept watching his face while she began to undo the bonnet-strings.

"Want I should help you any?"

"Nay; I guess I can get along."

"There's that nay again!" said Lorenzo desperately, and they both

laughed. "Take off your cap, too. Wouldn't you just as lives?"

"Yee, if you say so."

"There it goes again!" And they laughed together, but very softly, so that the other passengers should not notice. The woman with the child was making up a bed on the seat in front of her for the little one; she looked over her shoulder a moment, but she did not seem to take them in with her vague glance. Althea stopped untying her bonnet-strings, and then went on. She lifted the drab tunnel from her head at last, and showed the wire-framed gauze cap, closely fitted to her head. "Now the cap," said the young man, and she untied that too, and took it off, and turned her face full upon him.

She looked like a pretty boy, with her dark hair cropped to her head all round, and her severe turn-down collar, which came so high up on her throat that her soft



"A'n't you going to let me sit with you, Althea?"

the world-outside, it'll all blow over before anybody notices. He wouldn't want it to get into the newspapers any more than we would or the Family would."

## II.

The train, which had started long before, advanced by smooth leaps through the dark, and the rhythmical clangour of the wheels upon the rails lost itself in Lorenzo's tones while he talked on and mapped out the future to Althea. Already, though he had been so few days in the world-outside, he knew many things unknown to her, and he looked at everything from a point of view that she could not yet imagine. He used words that she had never heard before, and he used familiar phrases in a new sense. He spoke low, and not to lose anything he said she had to turn her deep bonnet towards him, and peer up into his face



round chin almost touched it. She had dark eyes, very tender and truthful, a little straight nose, and a mouth that smiled unspeakable question at the young man with its red lips; delicate brows arched themselves above her dove-like eyes, and her forehead was a smooth and white wall to the edge of her hair. The ugly bonnet had served well to keep her complexion fair; its indoors pallor had now a faint flush in it.

Lorenzo caught his breath, and turned his face with a slight cough.

"What is the matter? Have you got a cold?" she asked.

"Nay. It seemed as if my heart skipped a beat. I guess it was the surprise."

"Do I surprise you very much, Lorenzo?" her pretty lips entreated fondly. "Do I look so very funny? You made me do it!"

"Nay, nay! You look—beautiful, Althea. I don't know as I ought to say it, Althea, but I didn't know how beautiful you was before." He stared at her so helplessly and awe-strickenly that she could not help laughing.

"You're fine-appearing, too, Lorenzo. I noticed it when you came into the car. I presume it's my hair that makes me look so funny. But it isn't half as short as yours," she said, with an arch glance at his hair as far as it showed itself under his hat. He took his hat off, and she pressed her hand against her mouth to keep from laughing too loud. "I guess we're a pair of them?"

He still sat embarrassed, looking at her, and studying every little motion of her head and face as she put her cap inside her bonnet, and made as if to tie the string of the bonnet over both. "But maybe," she said, "you want I should put them on again?"

"Nay," he began, and she mocked him with "Nay! There it is again!" But he would not laugh.

"Althea, I don't hardly feel as if I had any right to you. It's all well enough to talk, but I didn't know that till you looked—the way you do look; and if you say, I'll give up right now."

"And what shall I do if you give up now?" she asked, with eyes full of laughter.

"That's true," he sighed.

"I didn't know how well you looked, either, till I saw you with that suit of clothes on."

"Do you like them?" he asked, with a proud glance at the sleeves of his coat and the legs of his trousers. "I had to pay twenty dollars for the suit. Friend Nason thought it was a good deal—he went with me—but he said he guessed I better have them if I was going off with you; I'd get more comfort out of them than what I would a cheaper suit."

"Yee," said Althea thoughtfully. "If we're in the world-outside we have got to do the same as the rest." She drew a little away from him to add, with a touch of tender reproach, "But I began to feel foolish about *you*, Lorenzo, long before I saw you in that suit of clothes—as foolish as I *ever* could."

"And I felt foolish about you when I couldn't hardly see your face in the bottom of that bonnet, let alone know what a pretty head you had, or anything. It was something the way you walked—I d'know—and your—your waist, Althea——"

She turned away from him to take up the parcel on the other side. She put it in her lap, and asked, "Do you want I should show you the sack Friend Ella lent me?"

"Why, yee; of course!"

"She said it was quite the fashion." Althea undid it and held it up and whirled it about, so that the jet trimming would show, and she made him feel the texture of the silk. "Now I'll try it on if you want I should." She flung it across his knees, and unpinned the Shaker shawl from over her breast, and let it fall from her shoulders. She stopped suddenly with a fiery flush.

"What is it?" asked Lorenzo. He looked in the direction of her eyes, and saw one of the men passengers coming straight down the car towards them; but the man went on to the water-cooler in the corner just beyond them, and after he had solemnly filled himself up from the tank there he lumbered back to his place again at the other end of the car. They looked at each other as people do who have had a narrow escape. Althea pulled the shawl up on her shoulders again. "I guess I'll wait till morning to put it on."

"Yee, just as well," said Lorenzo, and he could not have seen the filmy shade of disappointment that passed over her face. "What are you going to do with that old thing?"

He touched her Shaker bonnet, and she glanced down at it. "Oh, keep it, I presume," she sighed—"keep it always. Any rate, I shall keep it till morning." She tied it up with the paper that had wrapped her sack.

Lorenzo rose from the seat and stood beside it. "Look here, Althea, I'm going back into the sleeping-car here to get a place for you, so you can rest comfortable. I don't want you should sit up here all night."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I can sit up well enough."

"Then so can I, too! And I'm going to stay here with you."

"Now, Althea, you just let me have my own way about this. I took the place for you before the car reached Fitchburg, and it's paid for, and you might as well use it."

She would have protested further, but he had already left her, and she vainly appealed to him with her entreating eyes when he looked back at her over his shoulder.

While he was gone she unwrapped the hat that she had borrowed from Friend Ella Shewall, and put it on at the little mirror by the water-cooler. Then she dropped her Shaker shawl over her arm, and sat down again to wait.

When Lorenzo came back he started at sight of her. "Well, well!" he said.

"Do you like it?" she cooed back at him.

"Well, I should think so!"

He began to pick up her bundles, and she stood outside of the seat to give him a chance. "I thought I wouldn't like to have them see me in my Family shawl and my short hair," she explained.

"I guess they wouldn't noticed much," said Lorenzo. "There a'n't anybody up but the porter. Well, it's all ready." He stopped, and let some of the parcels fall back into the seat, and stood staring at her.

"What is it?"

"Nothing," he answered; and then he said thickly, "I was just thinking how you would look in a dress that I saw a girl have on at Fitchburg to-day." She felt his eyes on her waist, but she did not mind; she laughed for pleasure; she liked to know he thought she had a pretty waist; he might just as well. He affected to turn it off with a practical remark: "That dress looks a little Shaker yet. Perhaps it won't when you've got the sack on over it. Anyway, we can get something ready-made at Saratoga. I don't believe you'll ever get anything that'll fit you much better," he gasped, in helpless adoration.

The girl's face fell a little. "Yee. Sister Miranda made it. She said she was afraid she took almost too much pride in it. I did hate to leave without saying 'Good-bye' to her!"

"Yee," said the young fellow gravely.

The black porter from the sleeping-car came in briskly, and after a glance up and down their car to make sure of his passenger he came and took Althea's bags and parcels from Lorenzo's passive hands. "This way, lady," he said.

She looked at Lorenzo, and he nodded. "I guess he can show you."

"Good-night," she said, following the porter out.

"Well, good-night," answered Lorenzo. He sat down in the seat now empty of her form, and pulled his hat over his eyes.

(To be continued.)

## WORDS OF COMFORT.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In every life, let us hope, there have been heard some words of comfort. The little word "Yes," for example, when first the fair acknowledged her flame is, doubtless, a cherished recollection. One has also heard of a lady who had (and expressed) her reason for believing that her whispered "No!" on a similar amatory occasion was, indeed, a comfortable word to the swain. The expression of his poetic countenance, she declared, was like that with which we listen to the butler's "Not at home." Few brief phrases are more richly charged with delight, yet I condemn the exclamation "Hooray!" and the dancing of a *pas seul* on the doorstep. Let these demonstrations be reserved for the sanctity of the home, when the Welbores announce their regret that a previous engagement prevents their having the pleasure, etc. To one very young lady of my acquaintance the announcement of the late Dissolution was a most comfortable word, for reasons wholly unpolitical. Her kind mother, having explained to her what a Dissolution of Parliament implied, she exclaimed with the exuberance of her eight summers, "Hurray, one prayer less in church!" The same immature thinker, when the nature and terrors of death were impressed by parental admonitions on her tender fancy, cried, "Oh, I know! If it were not for *that* there would be no Bibles and prayer-books," which, doubtless, is true enough, but was an unexpected inference. I don't know what children are coming to, and that in serious families, but, even to adults, few words (on some occasions) are more comforting than "Finally, brethren," or, in Scotland, "And now, what wait we for?" Socially, when we were infants, at a tea-party, how joyous was that phrase, "Master Smith's nurse is waiting for him." The most comforting words that the present writer ever heard in his life were merely his own name, "Who has got the — Fellowship?" "Mr. Lang." A foreigner would have embraced the college messenger, but I did manage to refrain. Glad words are "Satisfecit nobis examinadoribus," on a slip of blue paper after Smalls. "All the angels singing out of heaven" could chant nothing more dulcet. Of all words that ever made the heart sing, these, by the foreman, must be the most grateful, "Not guilty," especially, perhaps, when you owe them less to the excellence of your cause than to the skill of your counsel. These are no common words, for, as a rule, everybody is found guilty, and deservedly so. "If you get me of [*sic*], I'll give you one of them," wrote, on a slip of paper, a prisoner (accused of stealing banknotes) to his advocate. And the young barrister continued to demonstrate the innocence of his grateful client! Pleasant words are "Ye're intil him" from the gillie, the "him" in question being a salmon. However, you

generally know this by a certain monition before anyone can tell you, just as, perhaps, a man generally knows the answer to the fond question alluded to in the exordium of this essay before he asks it. But who the captor is, and who is caught in that case is a different matter, and part of a problem variously solved by novelists and other casuists. Words of thrilling moment are those murmured by the host before dinner: "Will you take down——" Whom is he going to mention? the bewitching Miss Jones or stout Mrs. Smith, the most maternal of women? Alas! it is usually Mrs. Smith, and the sound stays hope and begets a dismal gloom. Two mortal hours of Mrs. Smith! What a contrast to the rosy moments of Miss Jones! The good things of this life can never, never be equally distributed; there are far too many Mrs. Smiths. Education no more diminishes their number than it diminishes crime.

A word of intense comfort is "Out!" if you are the bowler; "Not out!" if you are the bat. Few moments encroach more on eternity than that which passes between the bowler's or wicket-keeper's appeal and the chucking up or not chucking up of the ball. Unluckily, the well-weighed words of the umpire cannot, in a dualistic universe, be of equal comfort to both sides—a circumstance which very nearly made St. Augustine a Manichee. In the career of Mrs. Carlyle (which, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor reminds us, was not wholly of roses) few words were so comforting as, "They will give up the cocks, and put down the macaw." "I burst into tears, and should have kissed the speaker if he had not been so ugly," says Mrs. Carlyle, perhaps with that humorous exaggeration for which her admirers never make allowance. As to Mr. Carlyle himself, that discomfortable man, to mar whose philosophy "cheerfulness" never "kept breaking in," doubtless the most comforting word in *his* life was "Finis" at the end of his "unexecutable" "Frederick the Great." The most comforting words to authors in general are not words of praise, which butter no parsnips, but those which we occasionally see, "Hundredth Thousand." A howl for "Author" on the stage ought to be very blissful, but they sometimes hoot him when he is persuaded to come forward, and, on the whole, he is probably happier at a discreet distance. Words of extreme comfort to an anxious parent must be, "It is a boy, Sir," if the parent has great possessions, and no other boy. What a man feels when the doctor says "Twins" a few know, but Burns informs us that when it came to *three* twins—so to speak—his emotion was overpowering rather than agreeable. To a Parliamentary candidate "Thompson, by fifteen hundred and ninety-six" must sound like the music of the spheres, if he be Thompson; and no less sweet than was "They fly! they fly!" in the dying ears of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, or of Dundee at Killiecrankie. When Wellington sighed for "Night or the Prussians," the most comfortable of all possible words were those which Marbot reported, with such a different effect, to Napoleon, that Blücher was coming up. And that is the way of the world, the brief phrase which brings joy to one means desolation to the other. Mephistopheles, poor fellow, is vexed with the last word of the first part of "Faust." We cannot all have everything our own way. Of all men who speak words of comfort the doctor, perhaps, has most at his command, when he is fortunate, words that bring pain to nobody, so that even the bald announcement, "The doctor has come," may be the most joyous to the patient and his friends. What the clergyman says is a word of good tidings, to be sure, but not exactly of good news, for we knew it before, if we cared to listen and believe. But nobody knows what the doctor may have to say, and who so glad as he when he can, at last, say "Out of danger." Others report only results, but he has helped to bring them about. Wherefore his, with all its drawbacks, should be the happiest of the professions.

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## TURNER'S HOUSE.

BY MRS. HAWES.

The two small houses, smothered in ivy and Virginia creeper—one of which is inseparably connected with the greatest landscape-painter in the world, J. M. W. Turner—are among the few remaining relics of that old Chelsea about which an especial mist of romance has hung over since Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza used to rumble down the King's and the Queen's Road from Westminster, and Pepys used to boat across from Lambeth. Chelsea was the country seat, the holiday suburb, the "lung" of elegant London, and all through the last two centuries Chelsea has been choke-full of great names and romantic episodes. Perhaps the same can be said of the grimmest streets off the Strand; anyway, Chelsea was never grimy. Up to the end of the eighteenth century her gardens were the joy of the first great landscape-gardeners, and renowned for sturdy pomegranates and white moss-roses, now apparently extinct growths. As late as 1840 or so "blush-roses" smothered the fronts of houses in Paradise Walk, now a sad slum; and the fine gravel soil and seabreezes, which bring up crowds of gulls in rough weather, are still good for growth, though, as the best gardeners find, delicate things like begonias and roses will not grow in Chelsea any longer.

Chelsea has always been renowned for its sunsets; why, science cannot tell us. Ten years ago science tried to, through the medium of the daily journals; but nothing came of it, only the sunsets went on merrily. Turner, the sun-worshipper, who cried in rapture, "The sun is God!" loved sunny Chelsea, and died in Cheyne Walk, "with the sun upon his face," as his friend Ruskin finely said of him—that Cheyne Walk, historic, picturesque, that snatches every sunbeam in London, the haunt of human luminaries of the brush and pen, from those old days when Holbein strolled there with bluff King Hal and Sir Thomas More till now: for the atmospheric conditions were probably always what they still are—peculiar, the climate excellent, and the quiet inspiring.

In these latter days, too, the arts have always flourished there. Did not Fry and others of Wedgwood's cultured designers, and Wedgwood himself, work there; and the imported horticultural and herbal fashions begin in the Apothecaries' Garden? And still more recently William Dyce, R.A., MacIise, Cecil Lawson, Blake (dwelling just across in Battersea), Carlyle, George Eliot, De Morgan, Rossetti, who sang of the

Wan water, wandering water  
weltering—

which he daily watched; E. R. Hughes, Whistler, who strove to catch as eerie and as quaint effects as did Turner before him (and with quite as much misapprehension from brother-brushes), are only a few of the names.

The intelligent connection of a local habitation and a name is becoming better understood. Many who value the hereditary influences of genius are increasingly desirous to chronicle it just in the place where it drew its inspiration. Many more resent the Vandal's brickbat, foreseeing that the jerry-builder will not live for ever, from a commercial standpoint. Of course, the Vandal is busy. Humboldt's house disappeared the other day; Johnson's houses in London and Lichfield are threatened, if not gone; Wordsworth's home at Grasmere, in spite of an effort, has fallen—a great mistake. On the other hand, increasing worshippers are anxious to view and ready to pay for George Eliot's house, Carlyle's house, Rossetti's house, Turner's house. Many such houses bring in a solid income, like Anne Hathaway's cottage, and that in spite of the mistiest authenticity. Victor Hugo's beautiful house in Guernsey pays through its visitors at least one servant's wages, and might pay its rent, though the virtuous and

obscure Guernsey man does sniff and does shudder. And now an opportunity offers to purchase the freehold of the pretty little village-dwelling which was Turner's refuge from the people who plagued him—some only, I beg to add at once, for Ruskin and others visited him in Cheyne Walk—and who took such umbrage at what they called his eccentricity that they have not forgotten it yet, though it was fifty years ago, and Turner was seventy-six.

To purchase the house and make it a "feature" of Chelsea sounds simple; but the opposition (anonymous) has been fiery and funny; still funnier the excuse for opposition that the house is dirty and wants repair. The same objections were officiously brought when my husband took our present house, which was Rossetti's. Endless were the stories that immediately "cropped up" about Rossetti's

his death by all who knew him. How Turner never said an ill word of a colleague or a rival; how he took down one of his own works in the Royal Academy to make room for one by Bird, then unknown; how he disfigured one of his own pictures, when hung, to redeem one by Lawrence, which it outshone; how he stuck by and served his old father; how he would pay for a whole party of convivial artists while he grudged sixpence for himself, and refused vast prices for his pictures which he had dedicated to the nation; such untoward generosity and unselfishness, such unparalleled public spirit—if we say nothing of his munificence by his will to a country which now begrudges a few hundred pounds to memorialise him—yes, it may well have stamped him as eccentric, but I am astonished that it could not check insinuations of the most needless and basest kind, and aspersions which nothing in Turner's

life appears to warrant—astonished that the public have to be reminded of these well-known facts after all. "This was indeed a good-hearted and a vast-minded great man," concludes his biographer in the above work (q.v.).

Now, as to the modest dwelling from which Turner called down dreams of divine beauty, on whose roof he sat, rain and shine, to watch the sunrise and the sunset, whence he went forth boating, sketching, fishing (of which he was very fond), and which really is identified with his life-work in a particular and exceptional manner. The two small houses, of which Turner rented the western one, stand a little back from the present street frontage, and, like many old semi-country dwellings, are rather below the surface of the roadway. The door which Turner passed through so often occupies about the centre of the whole building, which, if thrown into one, would remain symmetrical, or, if not so treated and turned into flats, could be made so; and with this view a well-known artist, warmly interested in the project along with many others, suggests that, while Turner's railing should be retained, the twin roofs should be levelled and a light gallery, mostly of glass, should preserve Turner's outlook as a window from the second point also. It is well known that the disparity in the two roofs is caused by Turner's (who had ample money for the purchase of peace) having cut his own away, that he might sit on the leads, and so steal aerial impressions which he digested in the crucible of his splendid fancy, and cast afterwards on canvas in floods of hardly credible colour. Strange and lovely impressions—intrepid effects, wide reaches of amber and red, streams of white light only broken by a sail, a tree, a pile—effects which Turner could not have seen elsewhere, could not have painted elsewhere. The Thames has a life and character all its own, and though it is not so big as the Mississippi, grandeur is distinct from size.

The forecourts, which could be united, are a peculiar feature of Chelsea, as was red ochre instead of hearthstone, old Chelseaites tell us. The forecourts were never gardens, but paved, and in "great houses," such as Queen's House was, they were purposed to accommodate the sedan chairs. Many of these pretty little forecourts have been built over lightly in Chelsea and used as shops, the seventeenth or eighteenth century brickwork remaining in the rear.

Turner's house is not as old as many in Cheyne Walk, but it belongs to the time when the old walk was still a country one, and, in spite of the unsightly bigger house abutting on the "old Admiral's" look-out, it is still an interesting relic, both of the place and of the man.

The plans in progress are simple, and subscriptions are invited. To secure the freehold is the first step; the second will decide future operations. Relics of Turner (which are accessible) will make Turner's house a little museum of art, a grace to Chelsea, and (this to whom it concerns) a commercial success.



TURNER'S HOUSE AT CHELSEA.

evil habits: how he did this and that; how he kept a bull in the garden, which ran at him when he tried to paint it; rattlesnakes which escaped over the wall and were advertised for, "Please lift with a blanket because they are venomous"; armadillos in the drawing-room, and other strange beasts, one of which, the wombat, died in a chair because someone sat on it. Then the ghosts—the ghosts were interminable—"Catherine Parr," a spiritualistic friend assured me, "is quite a nuisance on the stairs; pray don't take this house."

That Turner's was a noble mind and spirit, and that the foolish gossip is unfounded which would paint him otherwise, is clear enough from any biography that has been written of him. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" gives him a veritable paean. From his early pale and careful style to the magnificent unorthodoxy of his radiant and divine last works, "light upon light," "dark upon dark," his whole life is illustrious not less for his exemplary goodness and generosity than for his stupendous genius. Leslie says of him, his nature was social; G. Jones, R.A., speaks for the respect and esteem in which the old painter was held till





THE DESCRIPTION IN THE "GAZETTE,"



# ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXXIX.

## Wycombe Abbey.

**H**IGH WYCOMBE, which the Saxons called Chipping Wycombe, is an ancient town of Buckinghamshire, still vigorous and growing continuously; and it has always been blessed with a good conceit of itself, as "the largest and handsomest town in the county, its High Street the most spacious and imposing." Even in the thirteenth century most of the shops of the Wycombe burgesses (*shopæ*, said the dog-Latinist of the time) were in this *Alta Strata*; which but for the pavement and the large shop windows, is hardly altered since an artist unknown

border it, the avenue of limes across the water to your left, the stretch of greensward, and the beech-covered hill—these, and the fresh air blowing through them, tell only of the woodlands and a life that might be remote from any town.

Nor is the house thus happily placed altogether unworthy of its surroundings, though it is neither old nor, for all its name, an abbey; and though even as the successor of the ancient manor-house of Loakes it would seem to have inherited but few traditions. In his "History of the House of Desborough," written just a century ago, Langley tells us perhaps all that is to be told of the older house, the home of the great family of Petty. "The manor-house of Loakes," he says, "is an ancient, irregular building, near the borough, built about the reign of James the First, but was considerably enlarged by Lord Shelburne soon after he purchased it." And, according to other historians, this year of 1895 is the centenary of the rebuilding of Loakes, or the building of a new house on its site. Sheehan's "Buckinghamshire" tells us that parts of the old mansion are incorporated with the present "large stone structure in the Gothic style built and erected from designs by James Wyatt." This building "and erecting"—surely a fine legal distinction!—took place after the sale of the estate by Lord Lansdowne in 1798 to the first Lord Carrington; and a picture of the house in 1801 shows that the south side, at all events, has changed completely since that date; it was then mainly stables, and the high wing at the south-eastern corner had a roof of unromantic slate and no parapet. A description of the Abbey, published in 1801, but very likely written some time earlier, speaks of the coming changes. The house, we are told, "will shortly be completely repaired, with considerable additions from designs by Mr. Wyatt; the whole is intended to be cased with a hard sandstone found in the neighbourhood"; and it is noted that "these stones are dispersed over the grounds in single masses, similar to the grey wethers on Marlborough Downs, but have never before been applied to the purposes of building." Denner Hill stone, or Wycombe stone as it is sometimes called, is porous but extremely hard; there is never a flaw in it, never a bit of bad quality, and it makes an excellent facing for the brick of which the house is built. Perhaps there is an air of

excessive neatness about these small brick-shaped stones of pale grey, as most people have noticed at Windsor Castle, which also is built of them; but the great house, in its charming setting, is certainly picturesque outside, and within cheery and bright.

Realising that the abbey was not an abbey, Wyatt seems to have tried to suggest a castle on the north side—the side which has a main door, and is turned towards the town; on the east, overlooking the lawn and the avenue, he had given this up, and remembered that he was building a great mansion in a sunny park; while on the south later additions have joined with the cloisters in the middle and the chapel window seen above them to give something of an ecclesiastical look, after all. But each side has its charm, and each is different, which is a great matter in a house of a hundred years ago.

Over its trees, and seen from across that little lake, the north side looks its best. The water spreads far away to eastward, its tiny islands dense with evergreens, and



EARL CARRINGTON.

Photo Elliott and Fry.

painted its portrait in 1772. At the end the Guildhall, on its round arches, stands out to bar the way across half the street, and there has stood since, in 1757, it took the place of the old Market House of wood, built in 1604. Almost opposite, the effigy of the Red Lion still dominates the place, erect in all its dignity above the porch of the town's chief inn: not long has crumbled into dust that predecessor round whose neck Benjamin Disraeli threw his arm in an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm when, in 1832, he asked for the votes of the Radical electors of Wycombe.

In the very middle of this busy ancient borough, hardly further from the Guildhall than one could throw a cricket-ball, is the gateway of Wycombe Abbey. This is Lord Carrington's country house, though as one looks at its entrance—with a high wall of grey stone and gateway solid with heavy wooden doors, standing flush with the stolid British street—one cannot but think the word a misnomer. Town of the town this country seat must surely be.

Yet do but open one of the great doors and pass through, and walk for a minute along a path between winding trees, and the house faces you across a tiny lake, and already all sight and sound and memory of town have passed away. Wycombe Abbey stands in a park, which spreads away eastward and southward, open to the hills. Here is no sign of street or people; the great gardens lie to the right, and the stable court before you; perhaps among the trees behind is here and there a glimpse of the high garden wall, as in many a park; but the long narrow lake, the trees that



WYCOMBE ABBEY: ENTRANCE-GATE.

each a dark, glowing jewel in the sunlight. There are tall, splendid trees—a great elm immediately before the door; a magnificent Oriental plane standing up to westward of the house, by the low tunnel that dips beneath the wall, and, passing under an unseen road, reaches the gardens; a vast spreading chestnut which drops its long branches to the earth, whence, as if they had gained fresh strength, they rise again. The narrow grey turrets of the house rise high among the treetops over the battlement that runs along and the shafts of ivy that here and there have climbed, perhaps, halfway to it. On each side of the door is a great Perpendicular window with its heavy mullions; and, lest this should make us forget the castle in the abbey, there lies upon the grass on each side of the elm across the pathway a dismounted cannon, whose superscription shows that it was taken from the Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope in 1795.

Nearly parallel with the lake there runs eastward an avenue of limes, down which passes the drive to a lodge in pre-railway days the main entrance to Wycombe Abbey. Now, however, as High Wycombe station is not five minutes' walk from the gateway in the street, Lord Carrington and his friends naturally do not



WYCOMBE ABBEY.





ENGLISH HOMES: WYCOMBE ABBEY.





WYCOMBE ABBEY, THE SEAT OF EARL CARRINGTON.



take a drive round two sides of the park to get home; and, as it has chanced, they gain this effect of sudden contrast from the town without to the country within. This was lost, of course, when one entered from a rural road and scarcely realised how close the main street lay to the great house.

A note in John Wesley's diary, under the date of Oct. 11, 1775, suggests the changes in the park since his time. "I took," he writes, "a walk to Lord Shelburne's house: what variety in so small a compass! A beautiful grove, divided by a serpentine walk, conceals the house from the town; at the side of this runs a transparent river, with a smooth walk on each bank. Beyond this a level lawn, then the house with sloping gardens behind it; above these is a lofty hill, near the top of which is a lovely wood, having a grassy walk running along just within the skirts of it." (Moral reflections follow, which may be omitted.)

To eastward the house has at once its widest and its most varied view. In front the level lawn, dotted with here and there a great oak, stretches to where it is dimly lost in the trees; and on the right it slopes towards the southern hills, crested with a line of beechwoods, and fringed with lately planted evergreens. More to the left runs the avenue to that lodge now unused; and leftward again of this the glancing lake, with dark trees beyond, that stand out against purple masses of redwood. On this side, as I have said, the house is all mansion, neither abbey nor castle, though an architect of 1800 could not, of course, resist a battlement along the roof, and here and there a turret, but a very little one. But the windows are large and bright, pleasant to look upon and to look through; an oriel of later building breaks the line with its yellower colouring, here and there the ivy has taken hold and climbed quite up the wall, and beautiful creepers in summer and autumn give their beauty of varying colour to the gay picturesque building.

The house stands just at the point where the little valley, which runs from east to west beside the lake, is joined by a yet smaller vale of the southern hills; and on this pleasant prospect, closed in by hillsides, the southward front of Wycombe Abbey looks. On a slope to the right a shrubbery, close-planted, is the background of a grove of splendid spreading trees: ivy-grown cedars, a gleaming copper-beech, and notably a magnificent Oriental plane, a vast and perfect tree—altogether a more important personage than his cousin the Occidental plane, close by, who sheds his waistcoat of bark after the untidy fashion of the planes of London. For these are Occidental, and had better have been Oriental.

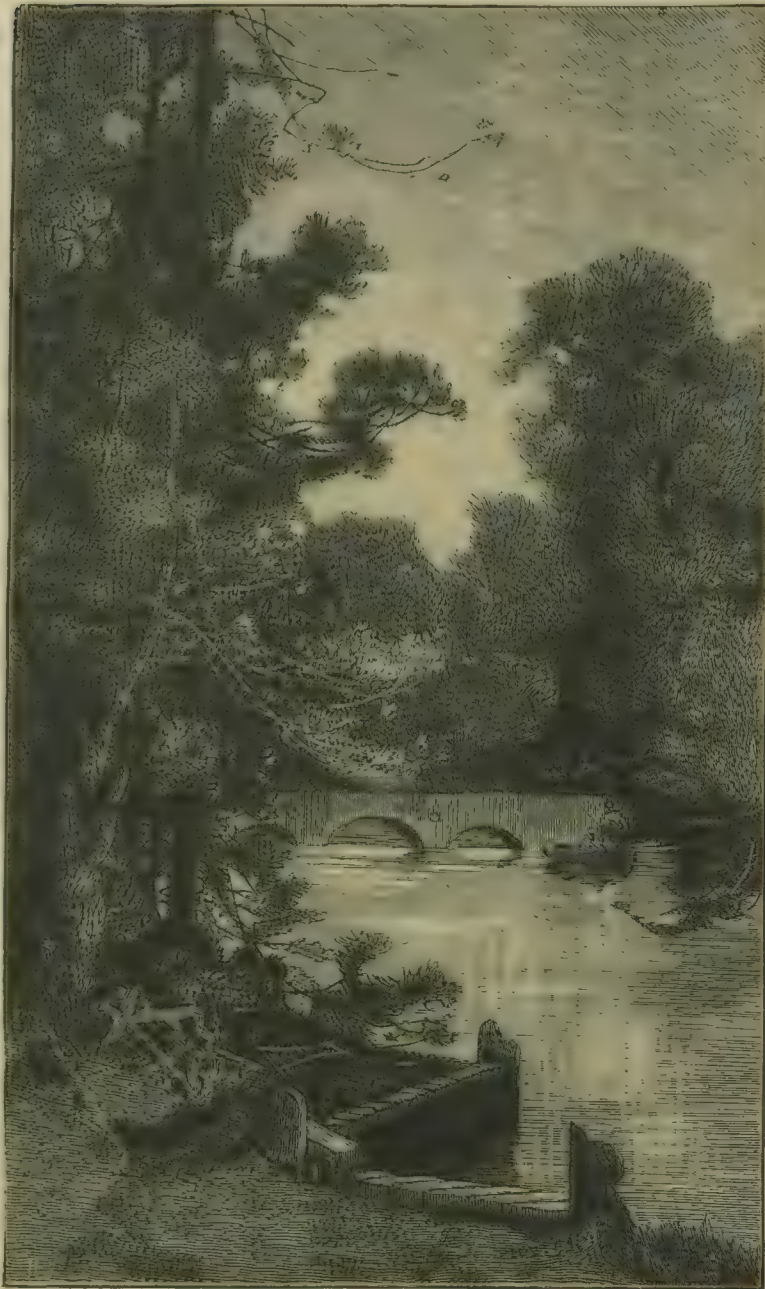
This is the quasi-ecclesiastical side of the house. At its western end a great wing stands out, all made up of high windows divided by narrow buttresses, which might, in its quiet grey stonework, be a kind of chapel—though it is true that it might also be a kind of conservatory. As a fact, it is neither, but a large hall or ball-room lately built,

of what we are doing, and what our grandfathers did, and how differently they did it. Here is a great lawn continually lent by Lord Carrington for gatherings of Dissenters of various denominations, all free to choose their own days and demonstrate on the grass to their hearts' content; a happy contrast to the bitter per-

The Abbé Morellet, who was also visiting Wycombe then, describes the experiment. Franklin, he says, "ran back about two hundred steps from the place where we were, and, making some magical gestures, he shook three times over the stream a flask which he had in his hand. A moment after the little waves weakened themselves, or calmed down by degrees, and the surface of the water became smooth as glass." The "magical gestures" suggest a day before Huxley's; but that Franklin visited Loakes House, and Garrick was there with him, and Dr. Johnson was many times the guest of Lord Shelburne, makes history of its memoirs.

Within, one has but to look round the entrance-hall to find reminders of old times and new, of to-day and the day before yesterday. A handsome armchair, the present to Lord Carrington of the Wycombe chairmakers, tells of what is now the staple industry of the borough. Seventy years ago or less, the principal business of the town was lace-making; but almost suddenly the beechwoods of Buckinghamshire began to turn themselves into chairs by the thousand, and Wycombe became the centre of the trade in them. Even in 1862 it was stated as an ascertained fact that, throughout the year at Wycombe, a chair came into existence in every minute of every day, and since that time the business has increased almost immeasurably. It is curious to note the occupations of the dwellers in the smaller streets of Wycombe, as they are recorded in the local directory, with their infinite subdivisions of labour: the cane-seat framers, Windsor framers, back-makers, seat-makers, chair-stainers, polishers, folding-chair makers, chair-packers, framers, fancy-chair makers, chair-turners, chair-polishers, foremen of caning-rooms, top-makers, bottom-makers, rush-chair bottomers, "makers-off," seat-borers, and, of course, the sawyers, turners, and chair-manufacturers.

By the fireside in this entrance-hall of the Abbey there hangs a characteristic reminder of Wycombe as it was—the "Jaw-bone of the Ox" that was roasted on the Rey Meade on March 15th, 1820, when the Honourable Robert Smith was elected Member"; this was the present Lord Carrington's father, who did not succeed to the peerage till 1838. Wycombe seems to have thrown itself into these contests heart and soul: and this is possibly not altogether surprising if one reads certain notes on the disadvantages of owning a pocket borough, made by a former owner of Loakes. According to Lord Shelburne the expense was continual, and the votes only safe when they were paid for in hard cash, at a rate of which he gives some astonishing examples. It is recorded (he says) that at Wycombe a common labouring man was offered £700 for his vote—he must have been a very uncommon labouring man if he refused it—and two misers £2000 for theirs. One ought, however, to say that, in elections for the borough of Wycombe at all events, votes were not reckoned by thousands in the modern fashion. When the Earl of



WYCOMBE ABBEY: IN THE PARK.



WYCOMBE ABBEY: THE LAKE NEAR THE HOUSE.

and connected by a narrow orangery with the cloisters. These, of a darker grey, overgrown with creepers and dominated by the high Perpendicular window of the real chapel, which rises behind and above them, are really as ecclesiastical as a nineteenth century abbey could require.

This southern side of the park has its suggestion of modern history, like so much at Wycombe Abbey, whose main interest all through is that it reminds us so constantly

secution two centuries ago recorded in the chronicles of Wycombe.

Beside this note of modern religion may be set a tradition of the beginnings of scientific experiment, which gives the little lake north of the house its only semblance of a legend. Benjamin Franklin was here as a guest of Lord Shelburne a century ago, and showed his host that it was possible literally to pour oil on the troubled waters.

Wycombe, Admiral Jervis, and Mr. John Dashwood contested the borough in 1790, the Earl headed the poll with 34 votes, the Admiral followed with 26, and the defeated candidate scored only 22; while even in the famous fight in 1832, after the Reform Bill, Benjamin Disraeli, contesting the town for the second time, only secured 119 votes, and his successful opponents, the Hon. R. Smith and Colonel Grey, got but 170 and 140. Yet it was noticed that





ENGLISH HOMES: WYCOMBE ABBEY.



Mr. Smith received only seven plumpers and Colonel Grey but a single one; and, considering the price of votes, it is fair to assume that not many remained unpolled.

Another hemisphere and another generation are recalled by perhaps the most treasured of the household gods of Wycombe Abbey—the mementoes of the present Lord Carrington's five years of Governorship in New South Wales. In the library is a long series of huge volumes of addresses presented to the Governor by the governed—really beautiful things, elaborately illuminated and made interesting by many photographs, set in their text, of the loveliest and most characteristic regions of the colony. And in Lord Carrington's study there is quite a large batch of silver trowels, with which, from 1885 to 1890, he laid New South Welsh foundation-stones. Yet prettier memorials of Australia are the white doves which, less hardy than our own, inhabit the orangery by the cloisters; and there is a very interesting case of Australian birds, for the most part of the parrot tribe, and kangaroos in the great new room. Not far from these are other exotics in the form of mummy-cases from Egypt—whither Lord Carrington accompanied the Prince of Wales—and a sledge, which has all the air of a huge rocking-horse. In the Oak Room is a Chinese present from the Viceroy, Two-Kwong, a right gorgeous affair in gold and silk.

One of the upper rooms of the Abbey belongs to history, too; for half of the Prime Ministers of the century have slept in it. "Mr. Pitt's Room," it is called, and on the lintel of the door are painted the names of Premiers who have visited Wycombe—not necessarily during their terms of office—with the dates of their visits. "Slept in Mr. Pitt's Room," the inscription runs. "Mr. Pitt, 1803; Mr. Disraeli, 1848; Mr. Gladstone, 1876; Lord Rosebery, 1884." The portrait of Pitt hangs over the chimney-piece of this room, where is also a notable tester bed, enriched with needlework by Lord Carrington's mother.

The rooms of Wycombe Abbey are not in themselves of any special interest, though in the eastern front there is a fine oak chamber of the darkest brown panelling, and a ceiling almost startling in its contrasted whiteness. All round this room is ranged a remarkable collection of old Chelsea china. The dining-room, with its yellow panelling, is chiefly notable for the very fine carved woodwork round the old chimney-piece, brought from Lord Carrington's former house at Whitehall; and a great German screen, painted with quaint figures, which must be four feet high, is one of the many interesting things picked up during her travels abroad by the Lady Carrington whose needlework we saw just now.

The library is a lofty, bright, and pleasant room, for the most part of the rich golden-brown that one thinks of as the true library-colour; it is hung with portraits over the bookshelves, and to westward one looks from it through a delightful vista of cloisters and orangery.

These cool grey cloisters of Wycombe shelter from the southern sun nothing more monastic than a smoking-room, yet a smoking-room that monks of old might have

loved if tobacco had been permitted them: almost a library, altogether an ideal bachelor-lounge, with its comfortable fireplace at each end.

A few steps farther, through the orangery, is that large new hall already spoken of: a lofty vaulted chamber some forty-four yards long by fourteen wide, probably the largest room for dancing and merrymaking in the county of Buckingham. Here a kind of inward balcony, overlooking the hall from its farther end, is merely Lord Carrington's old family pew from the parish church, a great framework of fine old oak which might form one side of a modern villa. On the walls are hatchments of ancient corporations, ornaments dignified if not enlivening; and another memento of those bygone elections is the chair in which Lord Carrington's father was borne in triumph at

between it and the very centre of the town. It is only as one stands in this high-walled garden, indeed, that one has any feeling of the close neighbourhood of so many human beings. Above the walls is a view rich in colour of the old roofs of speckled red serried round the tall grey church-tower, with only here and there a newer building amid them, and the high slope of the Chilterns standing out beyond. Within these walls grow many flowers and much fruit; especially the cherries are famous.

Till just upon a hundred years ago Leakes Manor-house was a seat of the Petty family, and one may note that William, Earl Shelburne, enlarged and much improved it; but in 1798 the Marquis of Lansdowne sold the entire estate to the first Lord Carrington, of Upton in Nottinghamshire, whose title was then but two years old.

Mr. Robert Smith, raised to the peerage of Ireland in 1796, and to that of Great Britain in the following year, was great-great-grandson of Thomas Smith of "Crophall Boteler"—Croppell Butler in Nottinghamshire, no doubt. This earliest of the Smiths seems to have flourished in the seventeenth century, and his descendants were both notable and prolific. The first Lord's father, for example, had at least forty-five children and grandchildren; while the Smith who ruled the Scilly Isles and the Smith who made himself Lord Carrington show the vigour of the race. Nor has the Governor of New South Wales proved himself less worthy of the family motto: *Tenax in fide*.—E. R.

Sir Matthew White Ridley has at last revealed some of those literary tastes which his friends always knew he possessed. The Home Secretary made an interesting speech in opening a free library at Newcastle-on-Tyne, saying that such institutions aided the general culture of the community and were instruments of education in its best and widest sense. The library in question was the gift of Alderman Stephenson of Newcastle, one of its many citizens distinguished by public spirit and philanthropy. Its erection cost

£4000. Sir Matthew mentioned that he had not heard of any town adopting a free library which had found it a failure. This is in itself a striking commentary on the harsh criticisms recently passed on these institutions.

The Gresham Committee have given notice that the lectures founded by Sir Thomas Gresham will be read to the public gratuitously on the following days, at six o'clock: Physic (Dr. Symes Thompson), Oct. 8, 9, 10, and 11; Music (Dr. J. F. Bridge), Oct. 15, 16, 17, and 18; Astronomy (the Rev. E. Ledger), Oct. 22, 23, 24, and 25; Rhetoric (Mr. J. E. Nixon), Oct. 29, 30, 31, and Nov. 1; Law (Dr. Abdy), Nov. 5, 6, 7, and 8; Divinity (the Rev. H. E. J. Bevan), Nov. 12, 13, 14, and 15; and Geometry (Mr. W. H. Wagstaff), Nov. 19, 20, 21, and 22. The last-mentioned lectures have attracted a much larger audience lately owing to the care with which Mr. Wagstaff explains the most intricate points. The music lectures, which are always of most popular interest, will be delivered at the City of London School, and the others in the theatre of Gresham College, Basinghall Street,



POACHERS.

Aylesbury when he was elected for the county after the historical fight between the factions of Carrington and Buckingham; a kind of ornamented seat, with poles, specially designed for such functions.

In the middle of the house is a large chapel, with a gallery in which the family sat in the days when service was held here regularly. On the walls hang old colours of the Bucks Yeomanry, with all the air of having braved the battle and the breeze as far as the history of Buckinghamshire has given them a chance.

The Abbey has a good many pictures, for the most part portraits of the family, and of great men who have been its intimates—as Pitt and the Duke of Wellington; but in the dining-room and some other rooms there are fine examples of Rembrandt and Rubens, of Poussin and de Loutherbourg and Ruysdael. And the stained glass brought by Lord Carrington's grandfather from Paris is very interesting.

After the house one has, of course, to see the notable kitchen-gardens of Wycombe Abbey, which lie to westward,





THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NORWICH.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

From among the thoughts suggested by my recent brief holiday abroad, I should like to select for purposes of chronicle the impressions which one receives from a comparison of British and foreign modes of social enjoyment—a topic which I take to be well within the range of both scientific and ethical themes. I must begin by saying that I am not a teetotaler, and that I have a high opinion of the merits of tobacco as a sedative (and more) when used moderately and wisely. This, by way of saving any critics of the prohibition and anti-tobacco schools from wasting their time in the endeavour to convert me to their ways of thinking and living. If they make the attempt I warn them that I shall feel it to be my duty to endeavour seriously, in turn, to convert them.

The problem that chiefly occupied my mind in Brussels was this: Why cannot we at home enjoy ourselves as simply, rationally, and soberly, in the matter of liquors, as does the Brussels population—and, for that matter of it, most other foreign populations as well? Sitting, for example, in the Grand Café Universel at Brussels, listening to the strains of a really fine orchestra, one is surrounded by a crowd of peaceable, well-dressed citizens of both sexes, who demand a modest *consommation*, alcoholic or non-alcoholic, as the case may be; who enjoy the music; who read the papers; who smoke the pipe (or cigar) of peace, and who go home contented, and, above all, strictly and perfectly sober. Why, I ask, cannot this reasonable living be imitated in Great Britain at large? I have made this inquiry dozens of times, and have been favoured with as many and as varied answers. For my own part, I fail to see why we should not reproduce in some degree the Continental practice on this side of the Channel. Surely, for one thing, we are all getting to be more temperate in the matter of alcohol, and the public-house of the future, I trust, will be something more and something better than a mere drinking-bar. Even if Continental conditions can never be wholly ours, we may surely take a leaf out of our neighbours' book in the matter of order and sobriety.

"Your public-house, my friend," said a Belgian to me the other day, "is brutal." The expression was strong, but it was justifiable. And why "brutal"? Because, of course, we largely consume ardent and fiery spirits, and are not content with the light wines, beers, and other fluids of the Continent, which contain only a small percentage of alcohol. Perhaps our Northern insularity is responsible for this choice of strong liquors. Drink, after all, like foods and religions, is influenced by geography. The farther north we go, the greater is the consumption of spirits, and everybody admits that this is a thing greatly to be deplored, more especially if one has regard to the really awful stuff in the shape of new whisky which is palmed off on the customers of public-houses at large. Many a case of drunkenness I have seen has really been a case of brain-poisoning by new and raw spirit. It is not drunkenness, but temporary madness, which is produced by alcohol of this kind, and did the Legislature insist on a limit of age as regards the spirits which were allowed to be sold, so as to ensure a fair amount of maturity, I am convinced drunkenness of the terrible type seen in our slums would be materially diminished. "There is nothing so bad as bad whisky," is an old observation containing much sound truth.

But my plea is really one for the use of lighter liquors as a first great step towards temperance reform. "If you had your café such as this in England," said my frank Belgian friend, "you would soon demolish it. Your magistrates would not allow music most likely; they would object even to the modest game at dominoes; you would consume your grog and get very drunk; no respectable Englishman or Englishwoman would come to your café; and you would fail utterly to imitate us here. You have a different life. *Voulez-vous?*" Yet I am not convinced that my Belgian friend is altogether right. Possibly, at first, there would be much opposition and unfavourable comment. Possibly, also, our mode of life, with a greater amount of domesticity—a thing, of course, to be thankful for—might militate against the full development of the café system; but all the same, if we have to find a substitute for the public-house, I see no more hopeful way of discovery than by imitating our Continental neighbours. If we could only get rid of somewhat of the ultra-Puritanism which sees possible harm in everything under the sun, the case for temperance and better living would be much more hopeful. National habits are hard to alter, but even these habits exhibit evolution. We really lack the courage of our opinions on this matter, and I do not see why, if in London I can dine happily and cheaply, with music during dinner, the café with its light refreshment should not be an institution also at my beck and call as well.

The chief point, however, involved in this great question of temperance seems to me to be an alteration in the character of our liquors. In Edinburgh a first-class music-hall, the Empire, was erected some years ago. All Edinburgh goes there, and people who would never have dreamt of visiting a variety entertainment before now enjoy a visit to this palace. Well, the question of a license was mooted. Needless to remark, the Edinburgh magistrates at once said "No," and a very emphatic "No" it was. You may smoke in the Empire to your heart's content, and you may, if you choose (and pit and gallery do choose), rush out in the entrance to consume liquors in the nearest public-houses in the uncomfortable, gulping fashion peculiar to the nation at large. I advocated in a newspaper letter that the management should apply for a license permitting them to sell at the bars light wines and beers, as well as bovril, coffee, milk, ices, and other kinds of non-alcoholic refreshments, no spirits being supplied at all. My suggestion fell flat. Nobody seemed to think this experiment in temperance reform worth notice. Yet there is a great future before some such procedure, if only people will be persuaded to try it. If people will have alcohol in one shape or another, let us try to teach them to enjoy it in a less ardent form than that in which they at present consume it.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C. L. E. F. (London).—We are much obliged for your very exhaustive analysis of No. 2682, and we are sure no one will be better pleased than yourself to know it is quite sound. In your proposed solution, after 1. B to K 2nd, 2. Q to Q 4th, B to Kt sq, and there is no mate.

P. H. WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—Thanks; it shall appear in due course.

DONNYMAN.—If 1. R to K 6th, Black has a sufficient reply in P to B 4th (ch). It is worth while looking twice at a problem when there is too evident a solution.

NAT. DYLLON (Berlin).—(1) We understand they will all be published, but no definite information is yet to hand. (2) "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," E. Freeborough, Parliament Street, Hull. Price 6s.

II. A. WOOD (Shaw).—We will examine the amended diagram, and hope to publish it in its turn.

REGINALD KELLY.—What is the use of the White Pawn at Kt 2nd in your two-mover?

MRS. T. B. ROWLAND.—We wish your journey success, but think that to attain your wishes in regard to foreign composers the first condition should be struck out.

CHEVALIER DESANGES.—Correct and accepted.

F. PROCTOR (Colchester).—You should quote us correctly. We never said we should "certainly use it," but, "it shall certainly receive attention." Our different replies referred also to two different problems. For the rest, you scarcely set us an example in courtesy.

J. K. M. LUTTON, C. W. (Sunbury), F. WALLER (Luton), and W. W.—Received with thanks.

II. M. PRIDEAUX (Clifton).—Many thanks. We shall go through it carefully, and hope to find it interesting enough to publish.

G. E. SMITH (Chelsea).—We regret your inquiry has been overlooked, and trust the reply is not too late. The best book for the purpose is the second edition of "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern."

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2674 received from St. George Taylor (Argentina); of No. 2679 from Benarsi Dass (Moradabad); of No. 2683 from E. F. (Hoxton); of No. 2684 from the Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell), James M. K. Lupton (Richmond), C. E. H. (Clifton), and Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2685 from John M. Robert (Crossgar), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. F. Moon, O. Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge), James M. K. Lupton, R. W. Leslie (Belfast), Professor Charles Wagner, F. W. Crisp, C. E. H. (Clifton), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), the Rev. C. T. Salusbury, S. Davis (Leicester), F. W. C. (Edgbaston), J. Bailey (Newark), Dr. Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), E. G. Boys, and R. Worters (Canterbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2686 received from R. H. Brooks, Shadforth, T. Roberts, H. S. Brandreth, W. R. Raillem, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), C. E. Perugini, Alpha, F. James (Wolverhampton), Frank Proctor, S. Davis (Leicester), E. G. Boys, James M. K. Lupton, C. E. H. (Clifton), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), R. S. Moxon, Mrs. Wilson (Falmouth), Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), F. Waller (Luton), J. F. Moon, Omega, F. A. Carter (Malden), F. Glanville, W. Wright, E. Loudon, Oliver Jeaglin, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), E. E. H. H. T. Atterbury, T. G. (Ware), Alice Gooding (Chingford), Dr. E. St. Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), M. Burke, Edwin J. Rust (Haverhill), W. David (Cardiff), Sorrento, W. Lillie (Marple), and Thomas Leachman (Walton-on-the-Naze).

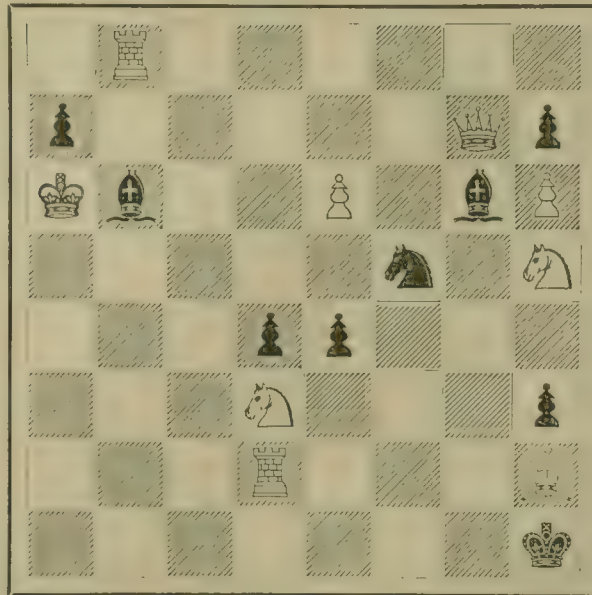
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2685.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. K to K 8th. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2688.

By JOSE PALUZIE (Barcelona).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN HASTINGS.

Game played in the tourney between MESSRS. H. N. PILLSBURY and S. TINSLEY.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. Kt to Q 6th	Q takes P (ch)
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	23. K to R sq	Q takes B P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. Kt takes R	R takes Kt
4. B to Kt 5th	P to Q B 3rd		
5. P to K 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
6. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Q 3rd		
7. B to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd		
8. B to R 4th	Castles		
9. Castles	R to K sq		
		25. P to Q Kt 4th	Q takes P
		26. B takes K B P	Kt to B 3rd
		27. B to Kt 6th	R to K B sq
		28. R to Q Kt sq	Q to Q 3rd
		29. Q to R to Q sq	Kt to Q 4th
		30. B to Kt sq	B to Q 2nd
		31. B to Kt 4th	R to B 3rd
		32. P to K Kt 4th	P to Q 4th
		33. Q to R 7th (ch)	K to B 3rd
		34. B to Kt 6th	R takes B
		35. Q takes R	P to B 3rd
		36. K to Kt sq	P to B 5th
		37. Q to K 4th	P to K 6th
		38. P to B 5th	P to K 4th
		39. Q to Q B 4th	K to Q 2nd
		40. R to B 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th
		41. Q to K 4th	Kt to B 5th
		42. P to B 6th (ch)	Q takes P
		43. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K to B 2nd
		44. Q takes B P	Q to Kt 3rd
		45. P to K R 3rd	K to K 5th
		46. K to R 2nd	P to Kt 5th
		47. Q to B 2nd	K to K 3rd
		48. Q to B 5th	K to Q 4th
		49. Q to B 8th (ch)	K to K 2nd
		50. Q to B 7th (ch)	K to B 3rd
		51. Q to K 6th (ch)	K to Kt 4th
		52. R takes B	Q takes R
		53. Q takes Q	Kt takes B
		54. R to B 5th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
		55. R takes P	Resigns

With a view, possibly, to Kt to B sq, a highly important line of play in most of such positions.

10. P to K 4th P takes K P  
11. Kt takes P B to K 2nd  
12. Q to K 2nd Kt takes Kt  
13. R takes B Q takes B  
14. Q takes Kt P to K B 4th  
15. Q to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd  
16. Q R to K sq Q to B sq

Here and in some following moves the threat of B takes P is one that cannot be disregarded.

17. Kt to K 5th B to Q 2nd  
18. P to K B 4th Q R to Q sq  
19. P to B 5th

This move is no better here than in similar positions, and may be generally condemned. The idea now is to play Kt to B 4th, and then to Q 6th, but it is, as will be seen, unsound.

20. Kt to Q B 4th Kt to Kt 5th

This move, properly followed up, ought to have won the game, and it is surprising that White, by oversight or otherwise, permitted it to be made.

21. Q to K 2nd Q to B 3rd

R takes P is, perhaps, as good or better. If then Kt to Q 6th, R takes Kt; and White dare not play B takes B P, on account of Q to B 4th (ch), etc.

A two-move problem and solution tourney, in which foreign composers are especially invited to compete, is announced in the *Weekly Irish Times*. A special prize will be given for the best problem by a lady. For rules, apply to Mrs. T. B. Rowland, Rus in Urbe, Kingstown, Ireland.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Dress materials for the coming season are, of course, legion. The newest thing, perhaps, is the revival of the bouclé and frisé cloths that we had some few years ago. I believe the makers put things away till they think we have half-forgotten them and then bring them out again, and we take them as if they were new—exactly like sensible nurses do with the children's toys! And, after all, is not our dress and its changing fashion much to us like the toy is to a child? Well, we must have a little amusement in this weary and troublesome world, and change of a more harmful variety than getting a new frock may easily be taken! The veritably new goods are, of course, not *really* the old ones brought out; for instance, the new frisé or bouclé material often has the loop on the surface of the cloth of a different colour from the ground, so that the effect at a little distance is something of a shot. Again, the ground is actually shot in many of the new stuffs, so that there are really three colours. In another parcel of material I see that the ground is a large check of scarlet and black, or grey and black, and the whole of both colours is so sprinkled over with tiny loops of black wool that the entire effect is toned down into a charming bright and yet not staring effect. As to the idea being but a fashion of yesterday revived for to day, why, there is really nothing new under the sun, and we must e'en put up with revivals and renewals in trifling detail of difference. So long ago as the days of that severe prophet Jeremiah, there were big sleeves, for he reproves the ladies of his day for wearing "pillows at their armholes" and for some other small foolishnesses no less well known to the modern female!

Velvet, or its near relation velveteen, is to be very much used. It generally is popular for winter visiting gowns and cloaks, being exceedingly "dressy" and yet not too easily spoilt by bad weather, and at one and the same time fairly light and very warm. The skirts in it will be cut very full, and quite plain. In the bodices there will be introduced some of the very handsome jet or coloured passementeries that abound, or, better still, a portion of the beautiful fancy velvets that are new and charming this autumn. These brocaded or "cut" velvets are reproductions of the Middle Ages fabrics that we see in pictures of the Venetian school. They are in white on black grounds, or various other combinations, in exquisite scrolls and patterns; sometimes flowers are seen in their natural colours on dark grounds, sometimes there is a white ground on which the velvet blossoms of a dark rose or magnolia are embossed. A little of these superb fabrics is sufficient; perhaps a vest, or a yoke, or points let in from neck to bust as if it were a collar, and a slight trimming on the sleeve. It is a good thing a little does, for they are dear. There is one purpose, however, for which it is worth while to allow a sufficient quantity to make almost the entire bodice, and that is that it may serve for an evening bodice and make the black or dark velvet visiting skirt available for demi-toilette. A perfectly plain velvet or good velveteen skirt, with an embossed velvet bodice and full puff elbow sleeves of the same plain velvet as the skirt, is a smart enough costume for the theatre or for a small evening party or dinner, and it needs no further trimming; though, of course, a little fine lace laid round the bust if cut down, or on the collar and as a jabot if the jacket be a high one, is always an addition to be desired. One of the prettiest bodices that I have seen, however, had no trimming on the rich brocaded velvet décolletage except a slight wrinkling of the material, which was evidently left too full at the top in the cutting so as to allow of this fullness being gathered in to form this original little finish.

Drury Lane, in the new piece "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," has brought surely the apotheosis of dress on the stage. Far past is the day when "stage finery" meant tawdry and miserable pretence of splendour. These dresses—put on the more "supers" as well as on the principal ladies—have been ordered regardless of cost from the first houses in London and Paris, and it is truly a sign of the times that Sir Augustus Harris advertises them as "showing the coming fashions." In at least two scenes the stage is like a *Lady's Pictorial* page grown big and walking about. One is an evening party. A leading feature of the splendid dresses there worn is that the skirts are much embroidered and betrimmed. There is Miss Fanny Brough, for instance, in a pale mauve satin dress, the skirt half-covered with lace embroidered with glittering silver, on either side of which appear great trails of huge deep mauve pansies. Then, again, she wears a dress of geranium red velvet, with flights of butterflies and trails of grass embroidered up it in jet, some of the same embroidery appearing on the bodice, where a narrow band of black velvet artistically keeps the brilliance of the colour away from the neck—a point in appearance that many dressmakers forget in constructing a bright and, therefore, trying gown. Another noticeable point in several of these gowns is the arrangement of folds at either side of the front of the skirt so as to give the effect of a panel or petticoat, the edges, or perhaps farther back, of these side-pieces being trimmed or embroidered, and the exact centre of the skirt left unadorned. This front panel arrangement is seen, too, in some of the day dresses—those that are supposed to be worn in the Park. I say "supposed," for they are, in fact, far too smart for any lady to wear in so public and promiscuous a parade, though they are beautiful garden-party or afternoon dance, or other fête gowns. However, as the exigencies of the play require the Park, so it is called. Imagine, now, a pale blue faille dress, brocaded with a pattern of wheat-ears, and made with full sleeves of blue chiffon, the skirt having the front-panel "look" given by means of bands of lace laid down either side from the hips, and fixed with big rosettes of blue chiffon. Or a pale green silk, trimmed down each side of the skirt with cascades of white lace, the sleeves and middle of the bodice being of accordion-pleated chiffon, and the huge cuffs of the green silk, embroidered with pearls. Or a Princess dress of black satin, painted with a trail of pink, yellow, and red roses, that goes diagonally from the left shoulder to the right hem, opening in the skirt over a panel of green satin trimmed with a big bow fastened on by a steel buckle. I note these out of the many that walk the stage, as being novel; but I decline to say that any lady could or would wish to walk in the Park thus dressed.





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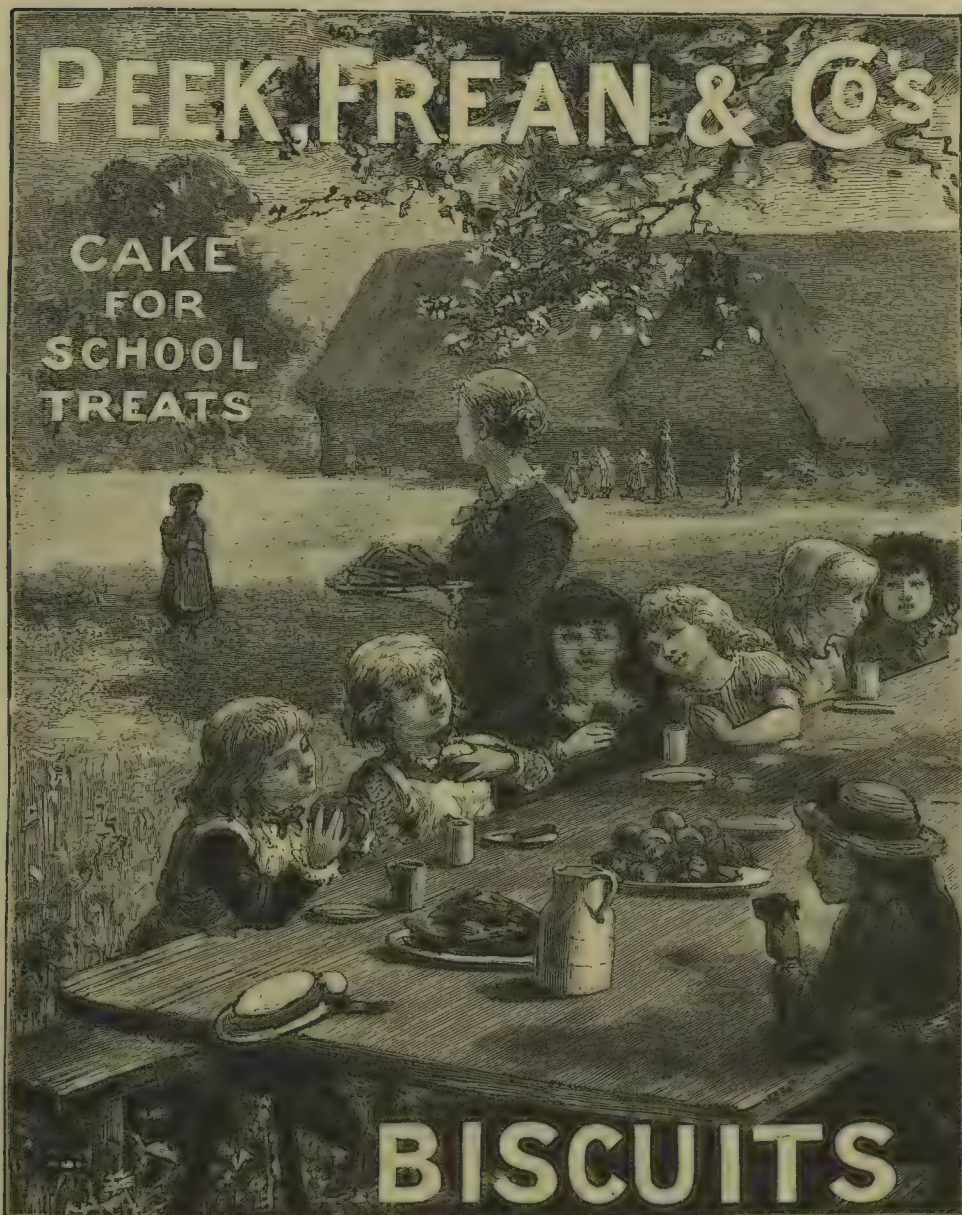
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## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A score of years ago I went for the first time to Verona. Of course, I knew that Shakspeare had taken the subject of "Romeo and Juliet" from a story by Luigi da Porto, which was printed at Vicenza about 1590. But I also knew that da Porto had lived in Verona for some time, and I was under the impression that the story might be something more—I do not say better—than mere fiction.

The municipal library of Verona is exceedingly rich in manuscripts. I spent a whole day there trying to find out whether the unhappy lovers had really existed, inasmuch as the numberless essays published on Shakspeare's hero and heroine seem to take that fact for granted. I failed to find a single scrap of parchment to confirm that theory.

Next morning a *valet de place* offered to take me to Juliet's house. "But, my good friend," I answered, "you cannot take me to Juliet's house, seeing that Juliet never existed." "Then 'ow comes the 'ouse there, Signor?" the guide retorted in the English I have tried to reproduce. That was a poser. The man looked triumphantly at me. "Come all the same, Signor," he insisted; and I followed him like a lamb. He took me to a house in the Via Capello, where there was an Italian inscription stating that the girl had lived and loved there. We passed a large gateway, on the inside of which—the courtyard side—there was sculptured a hat. That was all the evidence he had to give.

The house looked very tumbled down. The supposed domicile of Juliet is on the second floor; one large room with two windows, a smaller one with one window next to it, both looking on the street, a third room, very dark, leading out of the passage. All three were occupied by a poor family; only the mother and children were there when I went in. I was told the father was a basket-maker.

For a moment or so I felt inclined to take my guide *au sérieux*, and I began to look for the famous balcony. There was not a trace of it, and when, on my return to the Via Capello itself, I looked at the frontage, I was reluctantly compelled to conclude that there never could have been a balcony.

During my pilgrimage to the pretended dwelling of the Capulets, I was alone with my guide, but on my way to the "Tomb of Juliet"—another mystification, as the Veronese themselves admit—I was joined by at least a dozen Englishmen and women, and as many foreigners. We all trotted contentedly to a garden which was laid out about eighty years ago—hence, sixty before my visit—in the grounds of a nunnery, which grounds belong to the Municipality.

In the middle of the garden there stands a large block of granite, hollowed out like a punt or shallow trough, and considerably chipped off on all four sides. I do not know

what the granite may have been; I cannot say whether it was a sarcophagus, but if sarcophagus there must have been profanation under circumstances and at a time which are equally matters of conjecture, for the trough is absolutely empty, and it has been stated that its present condition is exactly as it was found at the period of the suppression of the religious community.

The Municipality, I have been told, has since then placed a gigantic board over the entrance to the garden with the inscription *Tomba di Giuletta*. They have, moreover, removed the sarcophagus to a small Gothic monument, which had been the resting-place of the nuns, and been respected by those who destroyed everything else around.

My guide and I came back to the town in company of perhaps two score of people, two-thirds of whom were women. All of them belonged to the better middle classes, hence, presumably well educated. With the exception of myself, there was not one who did not firmly believe that he or she had stood by the tomb of Shakspeare's heroine, and the fairer portion of our pilgrims were correspondingly affected. "I have not looked at Shakspeare for years. I doubt whether I have a copy in my library," said a shrewd, level-headed barrister to me; "but the moment I get home I will read him through from beginning to end. What a pity they scattered the ashes of that girl to the winds!" he added, with a kind of grunt which was intended as a sentimental sigh. I took care not to obtrude the truth, and that evening he and I had a long talk about Verona, when I told him some scraps of history relating to the story of Macartney there, when the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., eked out a miserable existence in Verona.

Our conversation drifted to Napoleon I. and his Generals, Massena, Augereau, and the rest who had been quartered at Verona. I told him of General Brune, who with eighteen bullets in his clothes escaped without a scratch from the field of battle. I told him some striking things about the beginning of young Bonaparte's career. He listened very attentively, and then he replied, "I have no doubt Bonaparte's career was very wonderful; that story of Brune's may almost rank with the record of a miracle in the Bible; but I may frankly confess that I should not have come to Verona but for the wish to see the tomb of Juliet. It is very wonderful!"

What could I do under such circumstances? I was about to tell him the truth, when I remembered the deception practised on Tristram Shandy. He had read that a mausoleum had been erected near one of the gates at Lyons to the memory of two lovers, and from that moment his imagination drew him to the spot. He promised himself to see that monument before he died. One day he started on his way. "I knew the tomb of the lovers as if I had lived in Lyons for twenty years," he says. "I knew I had to turn to the right when I got beyond

the gate on the way to the suburb of Vaire. I was transported with joy all along the road. When I perceived the gate that obstructed my view of the tomb, I felt my heart beating loudly. 'Tender and faithful spirits!' I exclaimed, 'I have delayed too long; I am coming. I am coming to shed my tears on your last resting-place.' When I did come there was no resting-place on which to shed tears."

Tristram never got over his disappointment; so I held my tongue to the barrister who had been gratified at the sight of Juliet's tomb. I ought to have held my tongue to-day; but the resolution comes too late.

A competition in marriages between two political parties is a novel idea, but it is actually taking place in Hungary at the present time. The Civil Marriage Act becomes law on Oct. 1, and all the pious opponents of the measure are getting married as fast as they can before it comes into operation. The supporters of the Act, on the other hand, are endeavouring to bring about an unprecedented rush of marriages on Oct. 1 and the succeeding days. We wonder whether any inducements are offered on either side to intending couples to hasten their nuptial day. A little assistance towards the bride's trousseau, or a charming wedding present might have a powerful effect.

Another relic of the "good old times" is soon to disappear in the shape of the last of the turnpike trusts. That exceedingly unpopular method of maintaining the public roads still lingers on, thanks to a special Act of Parliament, in the Island of Anglesea, but its days are numbered. Thirty years ago there were more than a thousand of these trusts. What has become, we wonder, of the turnpike-keepers, and what occupation do men now take up who, as old Weller remarked, have met with some disappointment in life? The old many-windowed turnpike cottages are often to be seen in country places, and their tenants seem generally engaged in taking toll of the public in another way, by the sale of ginger-beer, sweets, and very indigestible-looking green apples. Perhaps it is in the sale of these apples that the dethroned "pike-keeper" now takes his revenge on mankind. But though tolls on the road have been abolished, travellers to and from the mainland and Anglesea have still the pleasure of paying a toll at the Suspension Bridge. By long custom rather than by legal right, the return fare has been fixed at a penny, but once a daring contractor brought down on his head the wrath of the neighbourhood by endeavouring to levy a penny each way. In his greed for pennies, he, alas! raised another delicate question. By statutory right, persons going to their regular place of worship cross the bridge free; but some of these exempted passengers were in the habit of going to tea with their friends, after service was over, whereon the contractor demanded the toll. To discriminate between bona-fide church or chapel-goers and one whose thoughts were really fixed on tea would, indeed, tax the powers of the legislator.

IMMENSE SAVING!

"ENJOYED BY MILLIONS."

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DELIVERED CARRIAGE PAID.

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WRITE FOR SAMPLES, SENT FREE BY POST.

To show the appreciation in which the United Kingdom Tea Company's Teas are held it may be mentioned that they are used in the Households of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES and of H.R.H. the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT; in the Members' Refreshment Rooms of the HOUSE OF COMMONS; in the Hotels and Restaurants of the three Principal RAILWAY COMPANIES; in the Hotels and Refreshment Cars of the International Sleeping Car and European Express Trains Company; in upwards of A THOUSAND OTHER HOTELS, including all the GORDON HOTELS; in CLUBS, COLLEGES, HOSPITALS, SCHOOLS, MESSES, CANTEENS, and PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS too numerous to mention; by the Leading COUNTY FAMILIES throughout the land, and by hosts of PRIVATE CUSTOMERS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

U. K. TEA CO.'S Teas are dispatched to any part of the World, under Bond, at Rates which comprise all Charges for Carriage, Foreign Duty, Insurance, and Packing. Foreign Price List on application.



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Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.

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The finest colors  
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**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**



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**"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"**  
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## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1894), with a codicil (dated July 12 following), of Miss Frances Bullock Fetherstonhaugh, of Up Park, Sussex, who died on June 8, was proved on Sept. 17 by Charles Egerton Legge, Colonel Henry Clark Jervoise, and Sir William David King, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £82,331. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Chichester Infirmary; such sum as when invested in Two-and-a-Half per Cent. Consols will produce £55 per annum—£50 to be paid to a trained female nurse to nurse the sick poor of the parish of Harting, and the remaining £5 expended in medicine and medical appliances; £10,000 to be paid on the death of the Hon. Keith Turnour (brother of Lord Winterton), upon trust, for his daughter, Beatrice Winterton Turnour; and annuities and legacies to members of her family, executors, servants, and others. She devises all her real estate to the use of the said Hon. Keith Turnour for life, with remainder to the Hon. Arthur Vesey Meade (second son of the Earl of Clanwilliam) for life, with remainder to his first and every other son, according to their respective seniorities in tail male, with divers remainders over. Should Mr. A. V. Meade or any of his issue succeed to the title of Earl of Clanwilliam, the use in his favour is to determine as though he were dead without issue male. Every person succeeding to the real estate is to take the name and quarter the arms of Fetherstonhaugh. The furniture, plate, pictures, and other articles, and the deer in the park are made heirlooms to go therewith. The residue of the personal estate is settled so as to go with the real estate.

The will (dated April 2, 1892), with a codicil, of the Right Hon. Charles Frederick, Baron Donington, who died on July 24, has been proved by the Duke of Norfolk and George Edward Lake, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £76,520. Conditionally on his settling the Willesley property, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and the Rowallan estate, Ayrshire, on his (testator's) second son, the Hon. Paulyn Francis Cuthbert Abney-Hastings, the testator devises the Donington property in the counties of Leicester, Derby, York, and Sussex,



Football Challenge Cup presented by Mr. Charles Bathurst, jun., of Lydney Park, for annual competition by the football teams in and near her Majesty's Forest of Dean under Rugby Union rules. The champion club will hold the cup for a year, and it will become the property of the club winning it three years in succession. Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of Regent Street, were entrusted with its manufacture.

including the Breedon estate, to the use of his eldest son, the Earl of Loudoun, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male; the settlement of the Willesley property and the Rowallan estate on his second son, is to be in similar terms. The Loudoun property in Ayrshire he devises to the use of his third son, the Hon. Gilbert Theophilus

Clifton Rawdon Abney-Hastings, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male; and the Farleigh Hungerford estate, Somersetshire, to the use of the second son of his last-named son, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. The successor to the Donington property is to take the name of Clifton Mure Campbell Rawdon Hastings; to the Loudoun property the name of Hastings Campbell; and to the Hungerford Farleigh property the name of Hungerford Hastings. The Moira Colliery property he leaves to trustees, upon trust, to pay his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, and the charges on the Donington, Loudoun, and Willesley properties, and subject thereto to go with the Donington property. A variety of plate and other articles are made heirlooms, and he bequeaths £100 to his coachman, Frederick Kibblewhite, if in his service at his death; an annuity of £25 to Jane Chettle; and the residue of his personal estate to his sons Paulyn and Gilbert in equal shares, but certain sums appointed are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1878), with five codicils (dated Dec. 17, 1879; June 23, 1881; Aug. 4, 1886; March 13, 1889; and July 14, 1891), of Mrs. Helen Mary Duff, widow of Vice-Admiral Norwich Duff, of 14, Eaton Square, who died on July 31, was proved on Aug. 31 by Edward Alexander James Duff and Adam Gordon Duff, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,324. The testatrix gives £10,000 to her son Adam Gordon; her house in Eaton Square, with the stables, to her son Edward Alexander James; her furniture and effects to her said two sons; and there are various appointments under settlements and the will of her late husband in favour of children, and the appointments made by her by deed confirmed. As to the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves two thirds to her son Edward Alexander James, and one third to her son Adam Gordon.

The will (dated Nov. 27, 1886), of Dame Beatrice James Orde (widow of Sir John Powlett Orde, Bart.), of 47, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, who died on July 29, was proved on Sept. 2 by Miss Beatrice Catherine Orde, the



BY HER MAJESTY'S SPECIAL WARRANT



Six Solid Silver Engraved Tea-Spoons and Tongs, with fluted Bowls, complete in case, £2.

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(Protected).



"Queen's" Plate Egg-Frame. 4 Cups, £1 12 6 6 Cups, £2 2 0



"Queen's" Plate Hot-Water Jug. 2 Half-pints size £3 0 0 3 " " 3 7 6 4 " " 3 15 0

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POST FREE TO ANY PART  
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Antique Gadroon and Shell Border Breakfast-Dish, with Hot-Water Compartment and Drainer. "Queen's" Plate, £5 5 0

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220, REGENT STREET, W.  
66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } Next Sir  
66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } John Bennett's.

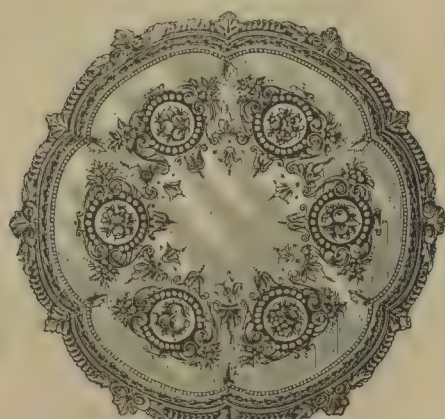
GOODS FORWARDED  
TO THE COUNTRY  
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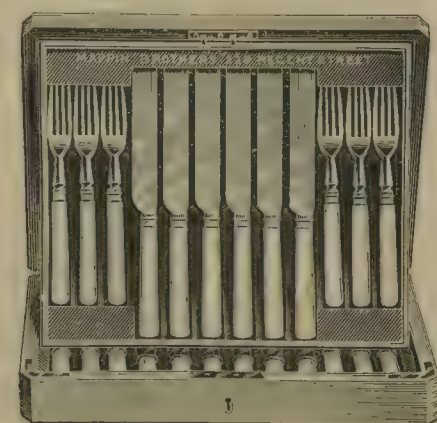
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Coffee-Pot, " ... 4 12 0 Cream-Jug, " ... 2 5 0  
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Richly Engraved Waiter, Old English Design. "Queen's" Plate. Solid Silver.  
6 inches ... £1 18 0 £2 5 0  
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THE BEST OF US IS JUST A SENTRY  
AT HIS POST.

'DID GOOD BY STEALTH, AND  
BLUSHED TO FIND IT FAME!'

OVERLIN, the French philanthropist, says "Little Folks," was once travelling in the depth of winter among the mountains of Alsace. The cold was intense, the snow lay thickly upon the ground, and, ere the half of his journey was over, he felt himself yielding to fatigue and sleep. He knew if he gave way to sleep he would wake no more; but, in spite of this knowledge, desire for sleep overcame him, and he lost consciousness. When he came to again, a wagoner in blue blouse was standing over him, urging him to take wine and food. By and by his strength revived, he was able to walk to the wagon, and was soon driven to the nearest village. His rescuer refused money, saying it was his duty to assist distress. Oberlin begged to know his name, that he might remember him in his prayers. "I see," replied the wagoner, "you are a preacher. Tell me the name of the GOOD SAMARITAN." "I cannot," answered Oberlin, "for it is not recorded." "Ah, well," said the wagoner, "when you can give me his name, I will then tell you mine." And so he went away.

## THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies.  
Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest  
and Best in Life.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S.

EXCITEMENT, CHANGES OF THE WEATHER,  
SLEEPLESSNESS, FEVERISH COLD WITH HIGH  
TEMPERATURE AND QUICK PULSE, USE ENO'S  
'FRUIT SALT,' AN IMPERATIVE HYGIENIC NEED.

WHY should fever, that vile slayer of millions of the human race, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The murderer, as he is called, is quickly made an example of by the law. Fevers are, at most, universally acknowledged to be preventable diseases; how is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who's to blame? For the means of preventing premature death from disease, read DUTY, given with each bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' The information is invaluable. If this invaluable information were universally carried out, many forms of disease now producing such havoc would cease to exist, as Plague, Leprosy, &c., have done when the true cause has become known. The 'FRUIT SALT' (one of Nature's own products) keeps the blood pure, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers and blood poisons, liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health, it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that, if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, nor a single travelling-trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.

I USED MY 'FRUIT SALT' FREELY in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO, London, S.E.

SLEEPLESSNESS, FEVERISHNESS.—Drawing an Overdraft on the Bank of Life.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, feverish colds, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS IN INDIA, EGYPT, AMERICA, AND THE CONTINENT.—Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in India, Egypt, America, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 6, 1878.

THE STOMACH AND LIVER and THEIR TRIALS.—Permit me to say that I have suffered much from a Stomach and Liver Complaint. Having consulted doctors and tried many medicines, but found that none of them relieved me of this unhappy condition, one doctor told me to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I acted upon his advice at once, and it is now nearly a year since I began to use it. Its great value has not been overstated, and I wish to say that by its use I am enabled to follow my daily occupation and to enjoy the pleasures of life. I have recommended ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to others. "To Mr. J. C. Eno." "TRUTH."

IF THE GREAT VALUE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in keeping the Body in Health were universally known, no family would be without it. It is the best Preventive of and Cure for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Fevers, Blood Poisons, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of Errors in Eating and Drinking. It is invaluable to those who are Fagged, Worn Out, or anyone whose duties require them to undergo Mental or Unnatural Excitement or Strain; it keeps the Blood pure and prevents disastrous diseases by natural means.

Examine each bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

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AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. THE QUEEN.

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If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "Hovis," or if what is supplied as "Hovis" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to S. FITTON & SON, MILLERS, MACCLESFIELD.

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From Dr. Mowbray Henderson, London.

"Hovis Bread is very much superior to the Ordinary Brown Bread, as it causes no irritability to the stomach, and it is, of course, infinitely richer, both in its bone and muscle making substances, than the White Bread in general use."  
"T. MOWBRAY HENDERSON, M.D."

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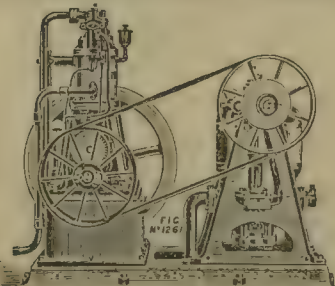
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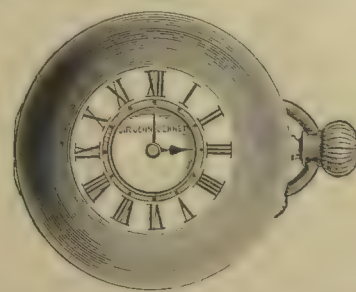
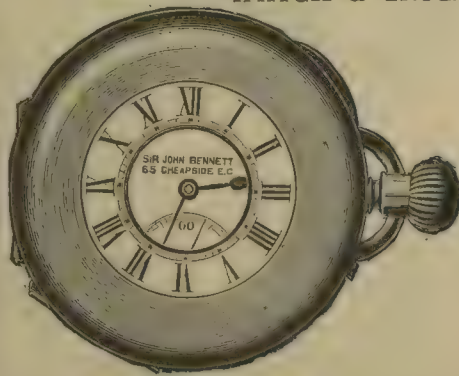


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£10.—In return for £10. NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

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£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 3-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. THE CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight. GOLD CHAINS AND JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 3-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post. Sir JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches. Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany. With bracket and Shield, Three Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

FIRE PROTECTION OF COUNTRY MANSIONS AND ESTATES.  
CALL and See Appliances in Action: 63, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.  
OR WRITE, GREENWICH, S.E.



daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £20,314. The testatrix gives, devises, and bequeaths all her real and personal estate to her said daughter absolutely.

The will (dated May 12, 1894) of Mr. John Arthur Dakeyne Heaton, LL.D., barrister-at-law, of Rangoon, Burma, 30, Hyde Terrace, Leeds, and Lincoln's Inn, who died on July 22, was proved on Sept. 23 by Beresford Rimington Heaton, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,949. The testator leaves a policy on his life for £3000, with the bonuses, upon trust, for Georgina Frances Lawford; £3000 to Helen Frances Newall; and £500 to John Cecil Atkinson. The residue of his estate, including his property in America and Burma, he gives to his two brothers, Beresford Rimington Heaton and Alan Baldwin Rimington, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 7, 1858), with two codicils (dated July 8, 1876, and April 19, 1895), of Vice-Admiral Trevenen Penrose Coode, of Plymouth, Devon, who died on July 5, was proved on Aug. 31 at the Exeter District Registry by William Bickham, Mrs. Elizabeth Coode, the widow, and Henry Penrose Prance, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £15,636.

The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children equally.

The will of the Hon. Mrs. Marianne Jane Petre, of 7, Tokenhouse Yard and Hyde Park Court, Knightsbridge, who died on Aug. 4, was proved on Sept. 16 by Francis Loraine Petre, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £7983.

The will of the Hon. and Rev. Charles Frederick Octavius Spencer, of Sutton Vicarage, Cambridgeshire, who died on Aug. 12 at Canterets, France, was proved on Sept. 6 by the Hon. Hester Eliza Spencer, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8025.

The will of Mr. Thomas Albert Gledstanes, of the Old Manor House, Gunnersbury, who died on Aug. 1, was proved on Sept. 2 by Mrs. Elizabeth Gledstanes, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7799.

The will of Mr. John Pye Pye, of 43, Albany Villas, Hove, West Brighton, retired Captain in the Army, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Sept. 12 by Henry Penrose Prance and Cecil Trevenen Prance, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5998.

# ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Cardinal Vaughan courteously corrects a reported utterance of his published in "Ecclesiastical Notes" of Sept. 21. What he said was not "The Mother and the Child shall be inseparably worshipped by you with that perfect adoration due to God," but "Jesus shall be adored as God, and Mary honoured as the most perfect of creatures. The Mother and the Child therefore should be inseparably united in your mind and affections, giving perfect adoration to the one, and all the honour and worship that can be paid to a creature to the other." I insert this correction with much pleasure, and regret that, following another journal, I gave the passage wrongly.

Bishop Westcott, who has been in delicate health, has been receiving as guests at Auckland Castle two Primitive Methodist preachers, who are delegates at a large gathering of ministers at Bishop Auckland.

The *Guardian* speaks with moderation on the voluntary schools question. It says: "Lord Salisbury's difficulty is of course, how to concede the demands of the Voluntarists without alienating those Unionists who have remained Liberals on all questions of purely domestic policy, and who have by so doing rendered peculiar service to the cause of the Union. Mr. Chamberlain, who voices

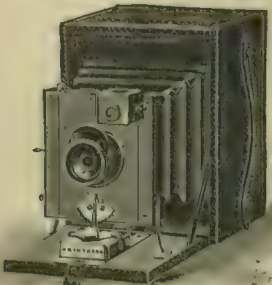
**ENJOY IMMUNITY**  
from much Sickness and Suffering by having  
all your Drinking and Cooking Water  
Filtered through



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Prices: 1 gallon, 16s. 6d.; 2 gallons, 21s.; 4 gallons, 35s.  
Films (six in box), for 1 and 2 gallons, 2s.; for 4 gallons, 4s. 6d. Nickel-Plated Travelling Filters, 25s. each.  
To be had of all Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c., &c.,  
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**The Latest Camera for Glass Plates.**  
Can be changed into Film Camera by the  
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Lightness, Compactness, Portability,  
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Instantly Relieves  
**SKIN  
TORTURES**

A warm bath with  
Cuticura Soap; a single  
application of Cuticura  
(ointment), the great skin cure,  
followed by mild doses of Cuticura  
Resolvent (the new blood purifier), will  
afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and  
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turing and disfiguring skin humours.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and  
American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot:  
F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER  
DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

## EVERY TABLET OF PEARS' SOAP

*is kept at least twelve months before  
it is sold. This can be said of no  
other Soap in the world, and good  
soap, like good wine, improves with  
age.*

*You may keep Pears' Soap for  
twenty years in any climate, and it  
will never shrink. Every tablet will  
retain its original shape and every  
ball remain a perfect sphere—proof  
positive that there is no shrinkage,  
and that they are old and well-  
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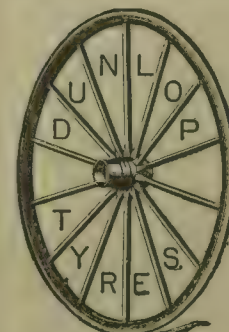
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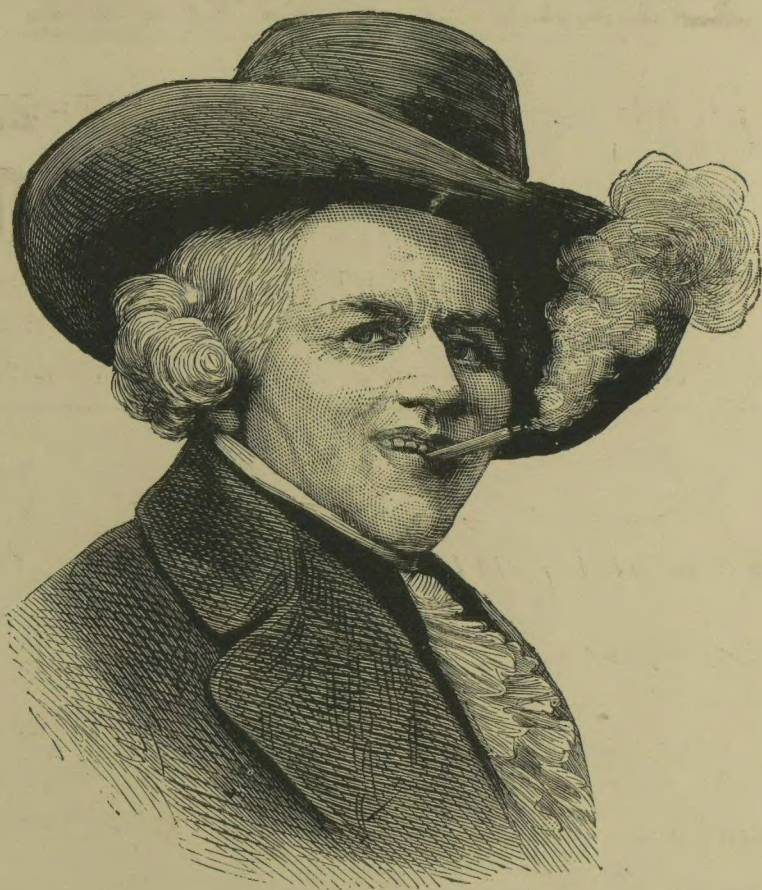
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their opinions, never professes very cordial sympathy with the views of Denominationalists on the subject of education, but he has expressed the opinion that, as a matter of justice, the 17s. 6d. limit might fairly be raised, and perhaps it may be prudent not to hope for much more from the legislation of 1896."

The new Vicar of Leeds has been working at a book on the Thirty-nine Articles, and the first volume will be published shortly.

The meetings held to celebrate the centenary of the London Missionary Society have been extraordinarily successful, crowded and enthusiastic audiences having assembled in the City Temple. The secretary expressed regret that the Church Missionary Society, which he thought was the strongest and most progressive in many respects of all the missionary societies of Great Britain,

was not represented. It was contrary to the rules of the Church Missionary Society to appoint official delegates to gatherings like that, but the secretary had informed the directors that some of those belonging to that society hoped to have the pleasure of taking part in the centenary services. Much interest was given to some of the meetings by the presence of Khama and the other two South African chiefs; and Khama made two speeches, marked by a certain stately simplicity, and very much appreciated by the hearers.

I am glad to hear that there is a prospect of the Life of the late Bishop of Winchester being written by an intimate friend.

The Bishop of Winchester has left by will the whole of his theological library in trust to the Dean and Chapter for the use of the new church at Wolvesey, or for that of a

clergy school whenever such an institution shall be founded in the diocese.

The authorities of the Church Army have decided to extend the period of training for their evangelists, "so as to still further strengthen the Church tone of the movement."

The important rectory of Bath has been offered by the Simeon Trustees to the Rev. J. N. Quirk, Vicar of St. Paul's, Lorrimer Square.

The Dean Butler memorial chapel in the parish church, Wantage, was opened on Tuesday.

The new Chancellor of St. David's, the Rev. W. H. Davey, M.A., is well known as having been Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon 1859-64, and as having succeeded the present Bishop of Worcester as Vice-Principal of Lampeter in 1872.

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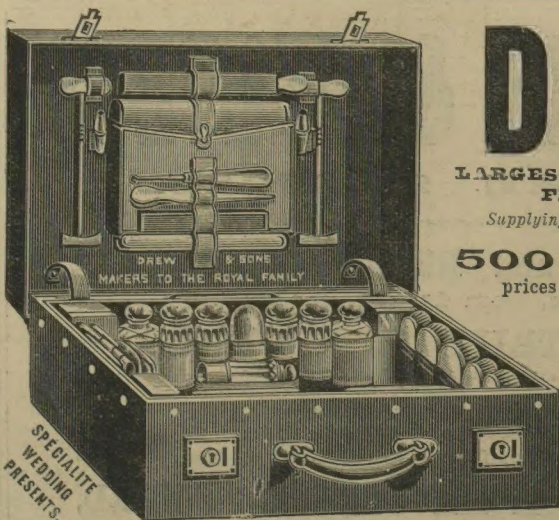
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**HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.**

FOR PAMPHLET,  
"The Beauty of Health Preserved through Life,"  
POST FREE.

REGENT BUILDING, HEDDON ST., LONDON W.

**HOVENDEN'S EASY HAIR CURLER**

TRADE MARK

PRICE 6/- PER BOX.

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
**12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS.**  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.  
WHOLESALE OF **R. HOVENDEN & SONS,** BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

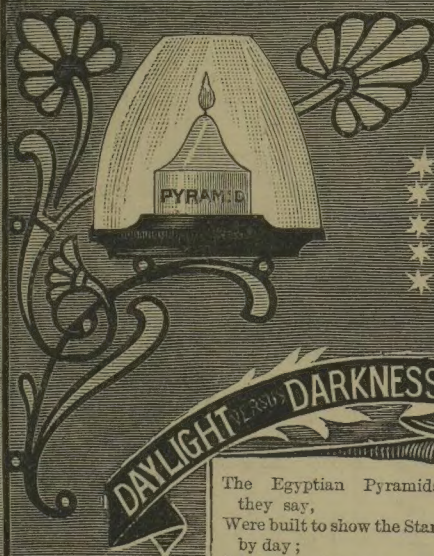
Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of  
THE CELEBRATED  
**"LOUIS" VELVETEEN**  
TO  
**THOS. WALLIS & CO., Ltd.,** Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

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Special, hygienic, adherent & invisible  
Toilet powder — **CH. FAY,** Inventor  
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**DAYLIGHT** **DARKNESS**

The Egyptian Pyramids,  
they say,  
Were built to show the Stars  
by day;  
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID"  
Lights so shine at night,  
They keep e'en Burglars  
well in sight.  
Nights dark and drear—we  
no longer fear,  
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID"  
Night Lights burn as  
clear—as Daylight.

READ BY  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

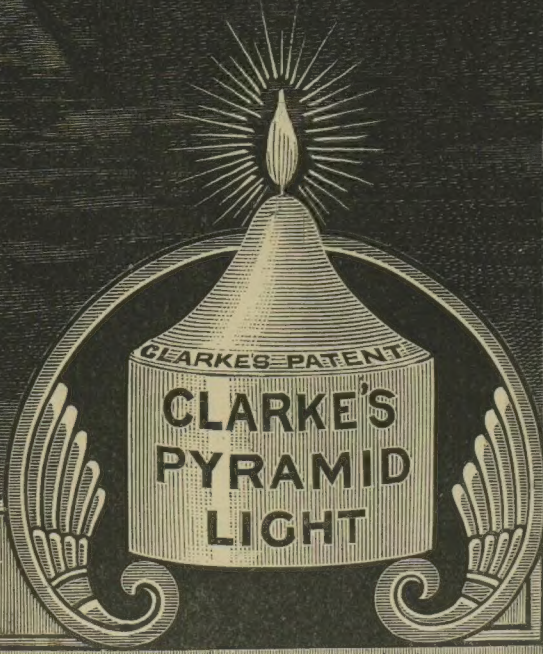
**CLARKE'S PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS**

When nights are dark,  
Then think of Clarke,  
Who's hit the mark pre-  
cisely,  
For his night lights  
Create light nights,  
In which you see quite  
nicely.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID"

NIGHT  
LIGHTS

THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR" CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT C<sup>Y</sup> L<sup>D</sup> LONDON, N.W.



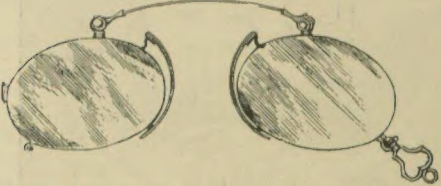


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### NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S



WITH FINEST BRAZILIAN PEBBLES,  
OR THE PUREST GLASSES.  
Carefully adapted to any sight, a Register of which is  
kept for future reference.



Negretti and Zambra make a specialty of Spectacles for  
Shooting, Billiards, Fishing, and Riding.  
Spectacles received by first post for any ordinary repairs  
are dispatched to senders the same evening.

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS TO THE QUEEN.  
38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

Branches: 45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT STREET.  
Photographic Studio: CRYSTAL PALACE.  
Illustrated Price-Lists free to all parts of  
the world.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,  
Sir Morell Mackenzie,  
Oliver Wendell Holmes,  
Miss Emily Faithful,  
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,  
and many other persons of distinction have testified  
to the remarkable efficacy of

## HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly a quarter of a century.  
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.  
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.  
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.  
In Tins, 4s. 3d.  
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London.  
Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, Lynch & Co.,  
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## HOLBEIN CASKET.



Copied from an Original Design by HOLBEIN. In Solid Brass,  
Beautifully Finished. List Free. To be Obtained ONLY at  
FISHER'S, 188, STRAND.

## HINDE'S



Sold in  
6d. & 1s  
boxes.

## HAIR CURLERS.

## ED. PINAUD

PARIS. 37, Bd de Strasbourg.

ED. PINAUD'S Celebrated Perfumes  
VIOLET OF PARMA THEODORA  
IXORA BREONI AIDA

ED. PINAUD'S QUININE WATER  
The world-renowned hair  
tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

ED. PINAUD'S IXORA SOAP  
The best soap known.

Sold by all First-class Perfumers.  
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS,  
31, Berners Street (Oxford Street), London, W.



FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

## FOOD

## ALL HEADACHES INSTANTLY CURED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

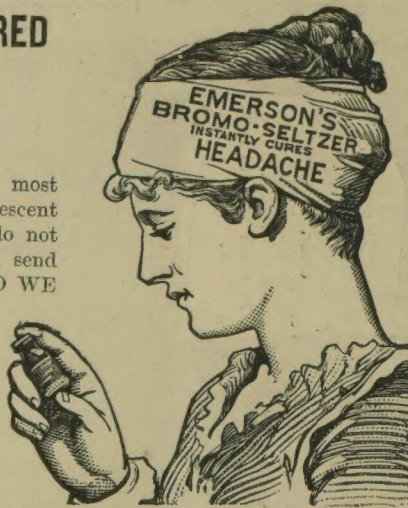
LEGAL GUARANTEE.

**6d.** EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER, the most  
successful American Remedy, is an effervescent  
powder, taken in water. If three doses do not  
cure any headache, no matter how caused, send  
the bottle to us, saying where obtained, AND WE  
WILL AT ONCE REFUND THE  
PRICE. Trial bottle, post free, 6d. Larger sizes,  
1s. and 2s. Sold by many Chemists, or obtained  
to order by almost all.

EMERSON DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,  
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Insist on Full Name—

## EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER.



## In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from  
Mercury.

Of Vegetable  
Drugs.

# COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS

FOR  
BILE,  
LIVER,  
HEADACHE,  
HEARTBURN,  
INDIGESTION,  
ETC.

### A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur  
were also taken; and for physic—with  
which it is as well to be supplied when  
travelling in out-of-the-way places—  
some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the  
latter a most invaluable medicine, and  
one which I have used on the natives  
of Central Africa with the greatest  
possible success. In fact, the marvel-  
lous effects produced upon the mind  
and body of an Arab Sheik, who was  
impervious to all native medicines when  
I administered to him five

### COCKLE'S PILLS.

will never fade from my memory; and  
a friend of mine who passed through  
the same district many months after-  
wards, informed me that my fame as a  
'medicine man' had not died out."

## ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

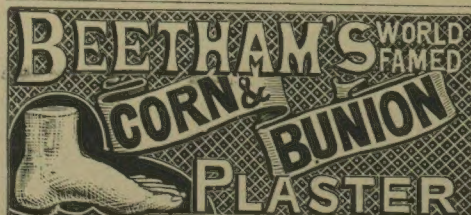
THE OLDEST AND  
BEST.

"THE QUEEN"  
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—  
Dec. 22, 1883.  
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,  
Oilmen, &c.  
MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

## S. Sainsbury's

Sold throughout the Country.

Manufactory: 176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON. Established 1839.



CURES  
WHEN  
ALL OTHER  
REMEDIES  
FAIL.

THOUSANDS HAVE  
BEEN CURED, some  
of whom had suffered for  
fifty years without being able  
to get relief from any other  
remedy.

READ  
THIS

"Angel Hotel, Abergavenny, Jan. 20, 1895.  
"Sir,—I applied your Corn Plaster to two corns  
under the foot, and they both came out. I can now  
walk quite comfortably, although I had suffered for  
years, and had tried nearly every advertised remedy  
without relief.—Yours obediently, G. FRANCOMBE."

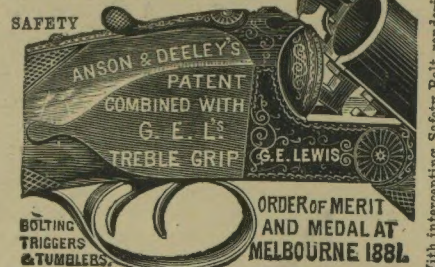
A trial of a Box earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure.

Boxes, 1s. 1½d., of all Chemists, or sent Post Free for Fourteen Stamps, from the Proprietors,  
M. BEETHAM AND SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

## G. E. LEWIS'S GUNS.

"The Gun of the Period."

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.  
HONOURS, PARIS, 1878.  
DIPLOMA & MEDAL, SYDNEY, 1879,  
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G. E. LEWIS'S HAMMERLESS TREBLE GRIP BREECHLOADER  
is the highest development of the gunmaker's art. The opening of  
the gun for loading cocks it and bolts the triggers automatically,  
thus making it the safest gun before the public.

PRICE FROM 10 TO 50 GUINEAS.  
Send six stamps for Catalogue of our stock of finished Guns ready  
for delivery, which is the largest in England. Buy direct and save  
dealers' profits. We guarantee the shooting and endurance of our  
Guns and Rifles is second to none.

G. E. LEWIS, GUN MAKER, BIRMINGHAM.  
(ESTABLISHED 1830.)

BREAKFAST--SUPPER.

## EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

## COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

## "A CHARMING SCENT."

H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

## ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE.

"The Sweetest of Sweet Odours."  
Delightfully and delicately fragrant.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

ATKINSON'S IS THE  
ONLY GENUINE.  
Perfume, Toilet Powder, Soap, Tooth Powder,  
Sachets, & all other specialties with this  
"charming" odour, of all Dealers throughout  
the World & of the Manufacturers—  
J. & E. ATKINSON, 24, Old Bond St., London.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

(NON-MERCURIAL).  
FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has  
sustained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United  
Kingdom and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST Article for  
CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE. Sold in Boxes,  
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GODDARD'S FURNITURE CREAM.  
For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.  
Sold in bottles, 6d. and 1s. each, by Chemists, Grocers,  
Ironmongers, &c.  
SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

## NOBEL'S SPORTING BALLISTITE.

THE NEW SPORTING POWDER.

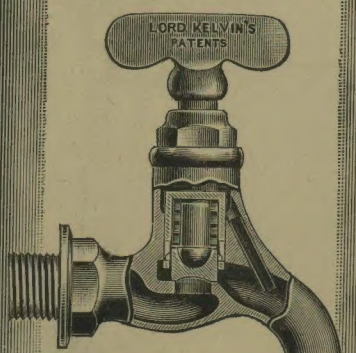
ADVANTAGES.—Absolutely Smokeless and Water-  
Resisting; Unaffected by Heat or Damp;  
Velocity and Uniformity Unequalled.

## THE INDESTRUCTIBLE HOT & COLD WATER TAP

INVENTED BY

## LORD KELVIN

(SIR W<sup>m</sup> THOMSON)



GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS

NO PACKING  
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